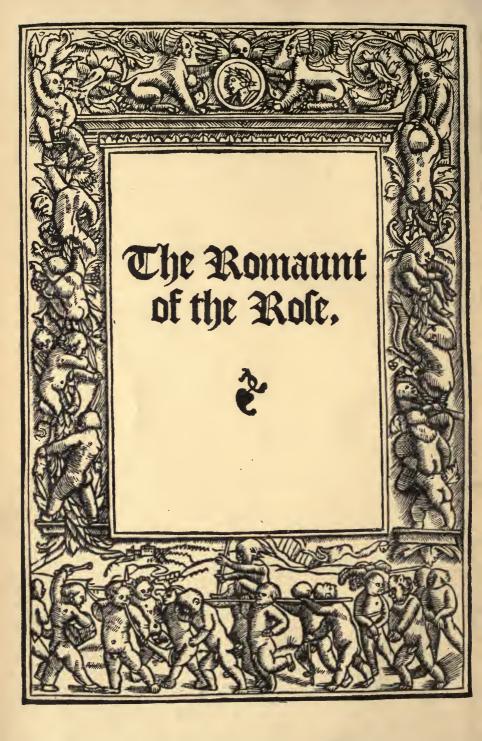


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The Romaunt of the Rose.

A REPRINT OF THE FIRST PRINTED EDITION
BY WILLIAM THYNNE.

A.D. 1532.



EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., Ph.D., F.B.A.



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INTRODUCTION

By Professor Skeat

This reprint of Thynne's first edition of the Romaunt of the Rose (being one of the pieces printed in the edition of 1532) was mainly prepared and edited by the late Dr. Furnivall some years ago, but the issue of it has been, from various causes, delayed till now. It is, I think, necessary to explain, with all due brevity, what is the precise value of the present reprint, which represents Thynne's edition with all reasonable accuracy, i.e. with the exception of such possible errors as have escaped the eye of the reader and reviser of the proof-sheets. I have not observed many inaccuracies, and it is extremely unlikely that they can amount to much. I only venture to refer to this because a reader who has any doubt as to any reading may consult one of the excellent facsimiles of the whole edition of 1532 published conjointly by A. Moring, at the De la More Press, and Henry Frowde, at the University Press, Oxford.

The present print reproduces all Thynne's peculiarities, such as the almost total absence of punctuation, the occasional introduction of bars such as that after the words "An authour" in 1.7, and his arrangement of the paragraphs.

The chief use of this reprint lies in the fact that there are only two authorities in existence for the text of this poem, viz. the Glasgow MS. no. V, 3. 7, and Thynne's text of 1532.

The Glasgow MS. (which I call G) is, on the whole, the slightly better authority, but it must be remembered that it has lost several leaves, and, consequently, that, for such lines as were contained in them, Thynne's text (which I call Th.) is the sole authority. Briefly, we have nothing but this to trust to for the following lines: 1-44, 333-380, 892, 1387-1432, 1553, 1892 (where G. is badly supplied in a later hand), 2395-2442, 3136, (perhaps) 3490, 3595-3690, 4856, 6688, 6786, 7092, 7109 (?), 7383-7574, and the last 5 lines. The

¹ See the Errata, p. xi.

sum total comes to about 539 lines, which is rather serious, and proves at once that Th. is indispensable. But by placing the present reprint side by side with Kaluza's excellent edition of G., which is accompanied by the French original, the student has before him at a glance all the available material for establishing the text of the poem.

The chief points that concern the text are given and discussed in my six-volume edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 1-20. It may suffice to give here a brief abstract of the results.

1. The Poem consists of three distinct Fragments, which may be called A, B, and C.

Fragment A.—Lines 1-1705. .
Fragment B.—Lines 1706-5810.
Fragment C.—Line 5811 to the end.

- 2. I believe Fragment A to be Chaucer's work. Fairly considered, it conforms to such grammatical usages and to such habits of rime as we find elsewhere in his genuine works. It ends abruptly in the middle of an uncompleted sentence; and it is remarkable, as Kaluza first observed, that the French word bouton, 'a bud,' which in ll. 1675, 1683, 1685, 1691, and 1702 is uniformly translated by knoppe, is in ll. 1721, 1761, 1770, 1786, 1789, translated by botoun, which suggests another translator.
- 3. Fragment B differs widely from A in many respects. I note some of these.
- (a) The translation is more diffuse. In A, there are, on an average, 101.6 lines to every 100 of the French text. In C the proportion is as 102.1 to 100. But in B, the proportion is much higher, viz. as 117.5 to 100.
- (b) Fragment B contains numerous examples of the use of a Northern dialect. This is obvious, when the attention has once been called to it.
- (c) Fragment B frequently rimes a word which (in Chaucer) etymologically ends in -y with one which etymologically ends in -y-e; whereas A observes Chaucer's usage throughout, in this respect.
- (d) Fragment B has several rimes which are merely assonant, such as kepe, eke, 2125; shape, make, 2259; escape, make, 2753; take, scape, 3165; storm, corn, 4343; down, town, 5469.
- (e) It even has such desperate rimes as desyre, nere, 1785, 2441; ioynt, queynt, 2037; abrede, forwered, 2563; desyre, manere (Th. manyre!) 2779.

- 4. Fragment C is free from Northern forms and rimes, so that it was not written by the author of B. Neither does it seem to have been written by the author of A. It contradicts Chaucer's rule as to the riming of -y with -y, and -yë with -yë, at least six times. See covertly, Ipocrisy(ë), 6111; company(ë), utterly, 6301; loteby, company(ë), 6339; why, tregetry(ë), 6373 (where Th. has whye!); company(ë), I, 6875; mekely, trechery(ë), 7319. For further considerations that tend to the same result, see my edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 6, 7.
- 5. I think Fragment C was originally an independent poem, and existed at first in a different MS., in which it began with the first page of that MS. See further below.
- 6. Note that the texts of G. and Th. are so much alike that they must have been copied from the same source, which may be called O. (their common original).
- 7. This original (O) was made up of two distinct parts at least, which may be called M and N. M contained Fragments A and B. which had been brought together by some process to which we have but little clue, and of which I offer no explanation. But N was complete in itself, and existed independently. It is not really "a fragment" in the true sense, and formed no part of a complete translation of the Roman de la Rose; but was executed by some rather ingenious translator (I am afraid it was not Chaucer) who selected a particular episode that occurs in the French poem, beginning at the right place (as nearly as possible), and ending at the right place, and thus giving us a poem which is complete in itself. The passage is certainly a lively one, and fully develops the story of False-Semblant (or Hypocrisy), who is introduced at l. 5848, and thoroughly discussed throughout; and when, at the very close, False-Semblant offers to give Wicked-Tongue absolution, the story of False-Semblant's hypocrisy comes to an end; he soon reveals himself as an open traitor. No doubt, the introduction is rather abrupt; but it is difficult to see where else the beginning could so well be made. Observe particularly, that between Fragments B and C there is a gap of more than five thousand lines in the French text, which is a very complete severance. To versify a particular passage in the French poem was a sensible and natural undertaking, when we consider the enormous length of the prolix original.
- 8. I suppose that the part M (i.e. A and B) was made up by the scribe, who naturally (but forcibly) brought these Fragments together

for the sake of completeness. I assume that he had access to two translations of the Roman de la Rose, viz. one by Chaucer and one by a Northern poet. Chaucer's was incomplete, but he followed it as far as it went, and he then added more from another translation, suppressing so much of it as he did not require. He joined them on as well as he could, leaving, however, Chaucer's last sentence so incomplete that it has no verb; for dide is only auxiliary. But even B failed him at 1.5810, corresponding to (about) 1.5169 of the French text (ed. Méon); so that A and B together give us little more than a quarter of the whole.

9. But the scribe of O. also discovered a MS. (N.) giving a translation of another portion altogether, containing the story of False-Semblant, and beginning near the middle of the poem. And while he was about it, he transcribed that also, for which we are much obliged to him. The fact that some of the leaves in N. were transposed prove that the number of lines on a page were usually 24, and sometimes (but rarely) 25. Assuming that, in the course of the first three quires (each of eight leaves) one of the leaves contained 50 lines, and all the rest 48, we see that these three quires contained the first 1154 lines (made up of 8 × 48 + 8 × 48 + 7 × 48 + 50). The fourth quire began, accordingly, at 1. 1155, or if we add on the 5810 lines of A and B, at 1. 6965—'Thus be we dradde of the people, ywis.

10. It is now easy to calculate the contents of each leaf of the fourth quire; as follows. Leaf A; 6965-7012 (48 lines).¹ Leaf B; 7013-7060 (48 lines). Leaf C; 7061-7108 (48 lines). Leaf D; 7109-7158 (50 lines). Leaf E; 7159-7208 (48² lines). Leaf F; 7209-7256 (48 lines). Leaf G; 7257-7304 (48 lines). Leaf H; 7305-7352 (48 lines). Of course the original order of the leaves was A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H; and A was joined at the back to H; B to G; C to F; and D to E. What happened was that the middle pair of leaves, viz. D and E, was displaced so that D followed A and E preceded H. The order thus became A, D, B, C, F, G, E, H. And this is precisely the order in which the lines occur, viz. A (6965-7012); D (7109-7158); B, C (7013-7108); F, G (7209-7304); E (7159-7208); H (7305, &c.). It follows that the original assumption was almost certainly correct, viz. that the MS. N began with line 1, and was originally quite independent of the other Fragments.

I refer to the true numbering, not to that in the present reprint; see p. ix.
 Not 50; because ll. 7173-4 are omitted in both copies, viz. Th. and G.

- 11. All the black-letter editions, including every edition down to Urry's in 1721, have the lines dislocated in the manner above described. It was Tyrwhitt who made this discovery, simply by comparing the translation with the French original. Who first put the lines into the right order I do not exactly know, but this right order appears in vol. i. of Chalmers' edition of The English Poets, in 1810, in spite of the fact that he merely followed a black-letter edition (that of 1561, or later). It is also right in Pickering's print of Chaucer's Poems in 1845 (edited by Sir H. Nicolas), and in later editions.
- 12. It remains to be added that, in the present reprint of Thynne, the lines are numbered continuously, and therefore incorrectly, when due regard is paid to the originals. In the numbers given above, the reference is to my six-volume edition of Chaucer's Works, or to the Student's Chaucer. This numbering agrees with Kaluza's down to 1.7172, after which Kaluza's numbering is less by 2, which does not much matter. The Globe edition follows Kaluza.

The reader is, accordingly, earnestly requested to bear in mind, or to refer to, the following statement of the facts.

- (a) Thynne's numbering is correct as far as 1. 7012.
- (b) Th. 7013, 7014 really occur twice over, viz. as Th. 7013-4 and Th. 7159-60; with a difference in the wording. Both couplets are equivalent to ll. 7109-10, as truly numbered.
 - (c) Disregarding (b), we may state the following equations.

Th. 7013-7062 = D = 7109-7158.

Th. 7063-7158 = B, C = 7013-7108.

Th. 7161-7256 = F, G = 7209-7304 (K. 7207-7302).

Th. 7257-7304 = E = 7159-7208 (K. 7206).

After which, Th. 7305 is really l. 7305 (K. 7303); and there is no more difficulty. By 'K.' I mean the numbering in Kaluza's edition of the Glasgow MS. (G.).

It is worth remarking that G. usually has 24 lines to the page, in spite of the fact that this leaves quite a wide margin, both above and below.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15, 1911.



ERRATA.

The numbers refer to the lines.

- 360. For due and dywned read drie and dwyned
- 428. For fore read for
- 847. sefe (so); but an error for lefe
- 919. For always read alwayes
- 933. twhitten (so); but an error for thwitten
- 995. For lf. 132, col. 2 read lf. 133, col. 2
- 1214. For As read But
- 1219. downe (so); but an error for downe
- 1270. For That read The
- 1440. For gardyn read garden
- 2561. For groff read groffe
- 3513. For can read canne
- 3602. The note after 3608 (l. 3602 . . . is left out) is due to some oversight. For Thynne really has this line, in the form—Daunger is daunted and brought lowe. It is MS. G. that omits it.
- 3968. For drede read Drede
- 3984. For us read vs
- 4044. For me read ne
- 4114. For muche read moche
- 4500. For soth read sothe
- 4802. For fele read selfe
- 4891. For The read And
- 4892. For And read The
- 5046. For haunte read haunt
- 5150. For I read It
- 5190. For they read thy
- 5201 (rubric). Aunsete (so); but an error for Amiste (i. e. Friendship).
- 5330. For byddeth read bydeth
- 5484. For rychese read rychesse
- 5704. For geten read getten
- 5717. For him read hym
- 6085. For tel read tell
- 6371. For sleights read sleightes
- 6381. For symplnesse read symplesse
- 6412. For The read This
- 6484. For hathe read hath
- 6568. For lyuedon read lyueden
- 6740. For getten read geten
- 6999. For hem read him
- 7036. For horyble read horryble
- 7224. For not read nat



The Romaunce of the Rose.

Ed. Thynne 1532. Fo. C. xxviii.

Any men sayn that in sweueninges
Ther nys but fables & lesynges.
But men may some sweuen sene
Which hardely that false ne bene
But afterwarde ben apparaunt 5
This maye I drawe to warraunt

An authour / that hight Macrobes
That halte nat dremes false ne lees
But vndothe vs the auysioun
That whilom mette kyng Cipioun

And who so saith / or weneth it be
A iape / or els nycete 12
To wene that dremes after fal
Lette who so lyste a fole me cal
For this trowe I / and say for me
That dremes signifiaunce be 16
Of good and harme to many wightes
That dremen in her slepe a nyghtes
Ful many thynges couertly
That fallen after al openly 20

Within my twenty yere of age
Whan that loue taketh his corage
Of yonge folke / I went soone
To bedde / as I was wonte to done
And faste I slepte / and in slepyng
Me mette suche a sweuenyng
That lyked me wonders wele
But in that sweuen is neuer a dele
That it nys afterwarde befal
Right as this dreme wol tel vs al.
ROMAUNT.

Nowe this dreme wol I ryme a right To make your hertes gaye and lyght 32 For loue it prayeth / and also Commaundeth me that it be so

And if there any aske me
Whether that it be / he or she
Howe this booke / whiche is here
Shal hatte / that I rede you here
It is the Romance of the Rose
In whiche al the arte of loue I close.

¶ The mater fayre is of to make

God graunt me in gree that she it take For whom that it begonnen is And that is she / that hath vwis 44 So mokel prise / and therto she So worthy is beloued to be That she well ought of prise and right Be cleped Rose of enery wight 48 That it was May me thought tho [128, col. 2] It is fyue yere or more ago That it was May / thus dremed me In tyme of loue and iolyte 52 That al thyng gynneth waxen gay 24 For there is neyther buske nor hav In May / that it nyl shrouded bene And it with newe leues wrene 56 These woddes eke recoueren grene 28 That drie in wynter ben to sene And the erthe wexeth proude withall For swote dewes that on it fall 60 And the poore estate forgette
In whiche that wynter had it sette
And than becometh the grounde so
proude
That it wol have a new shroude 64

That it wol haue a newe shroude 64
And maketh so queynt his robe and
fayre

That it had hewes an hundred payre
Of grasse and floures / ynde and Pers
And many hewes ful dyuers
68
That is the robe I mene iwys
Through whiche the grounde to praysen is

The byrdes that han lefte her songe
Whyle they han suffred colde ful strong
In wethers grylle / and derke to sight
Ben in Maye / for the sonne bright
So gladde / that they shewe in syngyng
That in her herte is suche lykyng 76
That they mote syngen and ben lyght
Than dothe the nightyngale her myght
To maken noyse / and syngen blythe
Than is blysful many a sythe 80
The chelaundre / and the popyngay
Than yonge folke entenden aye
For to ben gaye and amorous
The tyme is than so sauorous 84

Harde is his herte that loueth nought In May / whan al this myrthe is wrought Whan he may on these braunches here The smale byrdes syngen clere 88 Her blysful swete songe pytous And in this seson delytous Whan loue affirmeth al thyng 91 Me thought one night / in my slepyng Right in my bedde / ful redyly That it was by the morowe erly And vp I rose / and gan me clothe Anon I wysshe myn hondes bothe 96 A syluer nedyl forthe I drowe [If. 128, bk.] Out of an aguyler queynt ynowe

And gan this nedyl threde anone For out of towne me lyste to gone 100 The sowne of briddes for to here That on these buskes syngen clere That in the swete season that lefe is With a threde bastyng my sleuys Alone I wente in my playeng The smal foules songe herkenyng That payned hem ful many a payre To synge on bowes blossomed fayre 108 Iolyfe and gaye / ful of gladnesse Towarde a Ryuer gan I me dresse That I herde renne faste by For fayrer playeng none saugh I 112 Than playen me by that ryuere For from an hyl that stood there nere Come downe the streme full styffe and bolde

Clere was the water / and as colde 116 As any welle is / sothe to sayne And somdele lasse it was than Sayne But it was strayter / wele away And neuer saugh I er that daye 120 The water that so wele lyked me. And wonder gladde was I to se That lusty place / and that ryuere And with that water that ran so clere My face I wysshe / tho sawe I wele The botome ypaued euerydele With grauel / ful of stones shene The medowes softe / sote / and grene 128 Beet right on the water syde Ful clere was than the morowe tyde And ful attempre out of drede Tho gan I walken thorowe the Mede Downwarde aye / in my playeng 133 The ryuers syde coostyng

And whan I had a while ygone
I sawe a Garden right anone 136
Ful longe and brode / and euerydele

156

160

164

Enclosed was / and walled wele With hye walles enbatayled 139 Portrayed without / and wel entayled With many riche portreytures And bothe the ymages and peyntures Gan I beholde besely And I wol tel you redely 144 Of thilke ymages the semblaunce [128 bk., 2] As ferre as I have remembraunce.

¶ A mydde sawe I hate stonde That for her wrathe and yre / and onde Semed to be a mynoresse An angry wight a chideresse And ful of gyle / and fel corage By semblaunt was that ylke ymage 152 And she was nothyng wele arayde But lyke a wode woman afrayde Yfrounced foule was her visage And grynnyng for dispitous rage Her nose snorted vp for tene Ful hydous was she for to sene Ful foule and rusty was she this Her heed ywrithen was ywis Ful grymly with a great towayle.

¶ An ymage of another entayle A lyfte halfe was her fast by Her name aboue her heed sawe I And she was called Felony

¶ Another ymage that Vyllany Ycleped was / sawe I and fonde Vpon the wall on her right honde 168 Vyllany was lyke somdele That other ymage / and trusteth wele She semed a wicked creature By countenaunce in portreyture 172 She semed be ful dispytous And eke ful proude / and outragious

Wel coude he paynt I vndertake That suche an ymage coude make 176 Ful foule and chorlych semed she

And lytel coulde of norture To worshippe any creature. 180 ¶ And nexte was paynted Couetyse That eggeth folke in many a gyse To take and yeue right nought agayne And gret tresours vp to layne 184

And eke villeynous for to be

And that is she / that for vsure Leneth to many a creature The lasse for the more wynnyng So couetous is her brennyng 188 And that is she for pennes feele That techeth for to robbe and steele These theues / and these smale harlotes And that is routhe / for by her throtes ¹Ful many one hongeth at the last 193 She maketh folke compasse and cast To taken other folkes thynge 195 Through robbery / or myscoueytyng And that is she that maketh trechours And she maketh false pledours That with her termes and her domes Done maydens / children / and eke gromes [1 Fo. C. xxix.] 200 Her heritage to forgo

To grypen other folkes goode 204 Couetyse / for her wynnyng Ful lefe hath other mennes thyng ¶ Another ymage sette saugh I Nexte Couetyse fast by 208

Ful croked were her hondes two

For couetyse is euer wode

And she was cleped Auarice Ful foule in payntyng was that vice Ful sadde and caytife was she eke And also grene as any leke 212 So yuel hewed was her coloure Her semed to have lyued in langour She was lyke thyng for hunger deed That ladde her lyfe onely by breed 216

Kneden with eysel stronge and egre And therto she was leane and megre And she was cladde ful poorely Al in an olde torne courtpy 220 As she were al with dogges torne And both behynde and eke beforne Clouted was she beggarly

A mantel honge her fast by 224 Vpon a benche weyke and smal A burnette cote honge there with al Furred with no menyuere But with a furre rough of heere 228 Of lambe skynnes heuv and blake It was ful olde I vndertake For Augrice to clothe her wele Ne hasteth her neuer adele 232 For certainly it were her lothe To wearen ofte that ilke clothe And if it were forweared / she Wolde haue ful great nycete 236 Of clothyng / er she bought her newe Al were it badde of wol and hewe

This Auarice helde in her hande A purse that honge by a bande And that she hydde and bonde so stronge Menne must abyde wonder longe [1 col. 2] Out of that purse er there come ought For that ne cometh in her thought 244 It was not certayne her entent That fro that purse a peny went

And by that ymage nygh ynough Was paynted Enuy / that neuer lough Nor neuer wel in her herte ferde But if she eyther sawe or herde Some great mischaunce / or great disese Nothyng may so moche her plese 252 As mischefe and misauenture Or whan she seeth discomfyture Vpon any worthy man fall Than lyketh her wel withall 256 But shette her one eye for disdayne 296

She is ful glad in her corage If she se any great lynage Be brought to naught / in shamful wyse And if a man in honour ryse Or by his wytte / or by his prowesse Of that hath she great heuynesse For trusteth wel she gothe nye wood Whan any chaunce happeth good 264 Enuye is of suche cruelte That faythe ne trouthe holdeth she To frende ne felawe / badde or good Ne she hath kynne none of her blood That she nys ful her enemy 269 She nolde / I dare sayne hardely Her owne father fared wele And sore abyeth she euery dele Her malyce / and her male talent 273 For she is in so great turment And hate suche / whan folke dothe good That nygh she melteth for pure wood Her herte kerueth and so breketh 277 That god the people wel awreketh Enuye iwys shal neuer let

Some blame vpon the folke to set 280 I trowe that if Enuye iwys Knewe the best man that is On this syde or beyonde the see 283 Yet somwhat lacken him wolde she And if he were so hende and wyse That she ne might al abate his prise Yet wolde she blame his worthynesse Or by her wordes make it lesse 288 I sawe Enuye in that payntyng [1f. 129, bk.] Had a wonderful lokyng For she ne loked but a wrie Or ouertwharte / al baggyngly 292 And she had a foule vsage

Of man ne woman / forthe right playne

She might loke in no vysage

372

So for enuye brenned she Whan she might any man se That fayre / or worthye were / or wyse Or els stode in folkes prise 300

¶ Sorowe was paynted next Enuye Vpon that wal of masonrye But wel was sene in her colour That she had lyued in langour 304 Her semed to have the iaundice Not halfe so pale was Auaryce No nothyng lyke of leanesse 307 For sorowe / thought / and great distresse That she had suffred day and nyght Made her yelowe / and nothyng bright Ful fade / pale / and megre also Was neuer wight yet halfe so wo 312 As that her semed for to be Nor so fulfylfed 1 with yre / as she [1 so] I trowe that no wight might her plese Nor do that thyng that might her ese Nor she ne wolde her sorowe slake 317 Nor comforte none vnto her take So depe was her wo begonne And eke her herte in angre ronne 320 A sorouful thyng wel semed she Nor she had nothyng slowe be For to cratchen al her face And for to rent in many place 324 Her clothes / and for to teare her swyre As she that was fulfylled of yre And al to torne lay eke her heere Aboute her shulders / here and there And she that had it al to rent 329 For angre and for male talent And eke I tel you certaynly

Howe that she wept ful tenderly 332 In worlde nys wyght so harde of herte That had sene her sorowes smerte That nolde haue had of her pyte 336 That there nys man that thynke may So wo begone a thyng was she

She al to dassht her selfe for wo [129 6. 2] And smote togyder her hondes two To sorowe was she ful ententyfe That woful rechelesse caytyfe 340 Her rought lytel of playing Or of clypping or kissyng For who so sorouful is in herte Him luste not to play ne sterte 344 Ne for to dauncen / ne to synge Ne may his herte in temper bringe To make iove on euen or morowe For joy is contrarie vnto sorowe. 348 ¶ Elde was paynted after this That shorter was a foote iwvs Than she was wonte in her yonghede Vnneth her selfe she might fede 352 So feble and eke so olde was she That faded was al her beaute Ful salowe was waxen her colour 355 Her heed for hore was whyte as flour Iwys great qualme ne were it none Ne synne / al though her lyfe were gone Al woxen was her body vnwelde And due and dywned al for elde 360 A foule forwelked thyng was she That whylom rounde and softe had be Her eeres shoken faste withall As from her heed they wolde fall 364 Her face frounced and forpyned And both her hondes lorne fordwyned So olde she was / that she ne went A foote / but it were by potent 368 The tyme that passeth nyght and daye And restlesse trauayleth aye And steleth from vs so priuely

That to vs semeth sykerly

And certes it ne resteth neuer

That it in one poynt dwelleth euer

But gothe so faste / and passeth aye

What tyme that nowe present is Asketh at these clerkes this For men thynke it redily Thre tymes ben passed by 380 The tyme that may not soiourne But gothe / and may neuer retourne As water that downe renneth aye But neuer droppe retourne maye 384 ¹There may nothyng as tyme endure Metal / nor erthly creature [1 Fo. C. xxx.] For al thing it frette and shal The tyme eke that chaungeth al 388 And al dothe waxe / and fostred be And al thyng distroyeth he The tyme that eldeth our auncestours And eldeth kynges and emperours 392 And that vs al shal ouercomen Er that dethe vs shal haue nomen The tyme that hath al in welde To elden folke had made her elde 396 So inly / that to my wetyng She might helpe her selfe nothyng But turned ayen vnto childhede She had nothyng her selfe to lede 400 Ne wytte ne pythe in her holde More than a chylde of two yere olde But nathelesse I trowe that she 403

Was fayre somtyme / and fresshe to se
Whan she was in her rightful age
But she was paste al that passage
And was a doted thyng becomen 407
A furred cappe on had she nomen
Wel had she clad her selfe and warme
For colde might els done her harme
These olde folke haue alway colde 411
Her kynde is suche / whan they ben olde.

¶ Another thyng was don there writ That semed lyke an Ipocryt And it was cleped Pope Holy That ilke is she / that priuely 416 Ne spareth neuer a wicked dede Whan men of her taken none hede And maketh her outwarde precious With pale vysage and pytous 420 And semeth a symple creature But there nys no misauenture That she ne thynketh in her corage Ful lyke to her was thilke ymage That maked was lyke her semblaunce She was ful symple of countenaunce And she was clothed and eke shod As she were fore the loue of god 428 Yolden to relygion Suche semed her devocion

A psauter helde she faste in honde.

And besyly she gan to fonde 432

To make many a faynte prayere [130, col.2]

To god / and to his sayntes dere

Ne she was gaye / fresshe / ne iolyfe

But semed to be ful ententyfe 436

To good werkes / and to fayre

And therto she had on an hayre

Ne certes she was fatte nothyng
But semed wery for fastyng

Of colour pale and dede was she
From her the gates aye werned be
Of paradyse / that blysful place

443
For suche folke maken leane her grace
As Christ saythe in his Euangyle
To gette hem prise in towne a whyle
And for a lytel glory veigne
They lesen god and eke his reigne.

448

¶ And alderlast of everyclone

Mas paynted Pouert al alone

Was paynted Pouert al alone

That not a peny had in holde

Al though she her clothes solde

And though she shulde an honged be

For naked as a worme was she

And if the wether stormy were

455

For colde she shulde haue dyed there

She ne had on but a strayte olde sacke | Of swete pytous songe they made And many a cloute on it there stacke This was her cote / and her mantele No more was there neuer adele 460 To clothe her with / I vndertake Great leyser had she to quake And she was put / that I of talke 463 Ferre fro these other / vp in an halke There lurked / and there coured she For poore thyng where so it be Is shamfaste / and dispysed aye Acursed may wel be that dave 468 That poore man conceyued is For god wote al to selde iwys Is any poore man wel yfedde Or wel arayed or yeledde 472 Or wel beloued / in suche wyse In honour / that he may aryse.

¶ Al these thinges wel anysed As I have you er this deuysed 476 With golde and asure ouer all Depaynted were vpon the wall Square was the wall / and hygh somdele Enclosed / and ybarred wele 480 ¹In stede of hegge / was that gardyn Come neuer shepherde therin [1 1f. 130, bk.] In to that gardyn / wel wrought 483 Who so that me coulde have brought By ladders / or els by degre It wolde wel haue lyked me For suche solace / suche ioy / and pley I trowe that neuer man ne sey 488 As was in that place delycious The gardyn was not daungerous To herberowe byrdes many one So ryche a yere was neuer none 492 Of byrdes songe / and braunches grene Therin were byrdes mo I wene Than ben in al the realme of Fraunce Ful blyssful was the accordaunce

For al this worlde it ought glade

And I myselfe so mery ferde Whan I her blysful songes herde 500 That for an hundred pounde wolde I If that the passage openly Had be vnto me free That I nolde entren for to se 504 Thassemble / god kepe it fro care Of byrdes / whiche therin ware That songen through her mery throtes Daunces of loue / and mery notes.

Whan I thus herde foules synge I fel faste in a waymentyng By whiche arte / or by what engyn I might come in to that gardyn 512 But way I couthe fynde none In to that garden for to gone Ne nought wyst I if that there were Eyther hole or place where 516 By whiche I might have entre Ne there was none to teche me For I was al a lone I wys For wo and anguisshe of this 520 Tyl at laste bethought I me That by no way ne might it be That there has ladder ne way to pace Or hole / in to so fayre a place Tho gan I go a ful great paas 525 Enuyron / euen in compas The closyng of the square wall Tyl that I founde a wycket small [130, bk. 2] So shette / that I ne might in gone 529 And other entre was there none.

Vpon this dore I gan to smyte That was fetys / and so lyte 532 For other way coulde I not seke 496 Ful longe I shofe / and knocked eke

And stode ful longe al herkenyng If that I herde any wight comyng 536 Tyl that the dore of thylke entre A mayden curteys opened me Her heere was as yelowe of hewe As any basen scoured newe 540 Her flesshe tender as is a chyke With bent browes / smothe and slyke And by mesure large were The openyng of her eyen clere 544Her nose of good proporcion Her eyen gray / as is a faucon With swete brethe / and wel sauoured Her face whyte / and wel coloured 548 With lytel mouthe and rounde to se A cloue chynne eke had she Her necke was of good fassyon In length and gretnesse by reson 552 Without bleyne / scabbe / or royne Fro Hierusalem vnto Burgoyne There nys a fayrer necke iwys To fele howe smothe and softe it is 556 Her throte also whyte of hewe As snowe on braunche snowed newe Of body ful wel wrought was she Men neden not in no countre 560 A fayrer body for to seke And of fyne Orfrays had she eke A chapelet / so semely on Ne wered neuer mayde vpon 564 And fayre aboue that chapelet A rose garlande had she set She had a gay mirrour And with a ryche golde tressour 568 Her heed was tressed queyntly Her sleues sewed fetously And for to kepe her hondes favre Of gloues whyte she had a payre 572 And she had on a cote of grene Of clouthe of Gaunt / withouten wene

Wel semed by her apparayle [Fo. C. xxxi.]
She was not wonte to great trauayle 576
For whan she kempt was fetously
And wel arayed and richely
Than had she done al her iournee
For merry and wel begon was she 580
She ladde a lusty lyfe in May
She had no thought / by night ne day
Of nothyng / but if it were onely
To grayth her wele and vncouthly. 584

Whan that this dore had opened me This May / semely for to se I thonked her as I best myght 587 And asked her howe that she hyght And what she was / I asked eke And she to me was nought vnmeke Ne of her answere daungerous But fayre answerde / and sayd thus 592 Lo sir / my name is Idelnesse So clepe men me / more and lesse Ful mighty and ful ryche am I And that of one thyng namely 596 For I entende to nothyng But to my ioye / and my playeng And for to kembe and tresse me Aquaynted am I and priue 600 With Myrthe / lorde of this gardyne That fro the lande of Alexandrine Made the trees hyther be fette That in this garden ben ysette 604 And whan the trees were woxen on hyght This wall / that stante here in thy syght Dyd Myrthe enclosen al aboute

And these ymages al without

He dyd hem both entayle and peynte

That neyther ben iolyfe ne queynte

But they ben ful of sorowe and wo

As thou haste sene a whyle ago.

608

612

Nd ofte tyme him to solace Sir Myrthe cometh in to this place And eke with him cometh his meyne That lyuen in luste and iolyte 616 And nowe is Myrthe therin / to here The byrdes howe they syngen clere The mauys and the nyghtyngale 619 And other ioly byrdes smale And thus he walketh to solace [131, col. 2] Hym and his folke / for swetter place To playen in / he may not fynde Al though he sought one in tyl Inde The alther fayrest folke to se That in this worlde maye founde be Hath Myrthe with him in his route That followen him alwayes aboute. 628

Whan Idelnesse had tolde al this And I had herkened wel iwys Than sayd I to dame Idelnesse Nowe also wisly god me blesse 632 Sythe Myrthe / that is so fayre and fre Is in this yerde / with his meyne Fro thylke assemble / if I may Shal no man werne me to day 636 That I this nyght ne mote it se For wel wene I there with him be A fayre and ioly companye-Fulfylled of al curtesye 640 And forthe without wordes mo In at the wicket went I tho That Ydelnesse had opened me In to that garden fayre to se. 644

And whan I was in iwys

Myn herte was ful glad of this

For wel wende I ful sykerly

Haue ben in paradyse erthly

So fayre it was / that trusteth well

It semed a place espyrituell

For certes as at my deuyse
There is no place in paradyse 652
So good in for to dwell or be
As in that garden thought me
For there was many a byrde syngyng
Throughout the yerde al thringyng 656
In many places were nightyngales
Alpes / fynches / and wodwales
That in her swete songe delyten
In thilke places as they habyten 660

There might men se many flockes Of turtles and lauerockes Chalaundres fele sawe I there That wery nighe forsongen were 664 And thrustels / teryns / and mauise That songen for to wynne hem prise ¹And eke to surmount in her songe 667 That other byrdes hem amonge [1 131 bk. By note made fayre seruyse These byrdes / that I you deuyse They songe her songe / as fayre and well As angels don espirituell 672 And trusteth me / whan I hem herde Ful lusty and wel I ferde For neuer yet suche melodye Was herde / of man that might dye 676 Suche swete songe was hem amonge That me thought it no byrdes songe But it was wonder lyke to be Songe of Meremaydens of the see 680 That for her syngyng is so clere Though we mermaydens clepe hem here In englisshe / as is our vsaunce Men clepe hem Sereyns in Fraunce. 684

E Ntentyfe weren for to synge
These byrdes / that not vnkonnyng
Were of her crafte / and aprentyse
But of songe subtyl and wyse 688
And certes / whan I herde her songe

711

That syght was to me ful dere. 728

And sawe the grene place amonge
In herte I wext so wonder gay
That I was neuer erst / er that day 692
So iolyfe / nor so wel bygo
Ne mery in herte / as I was tho
And than wyste I / and sawe ful wel
That ydelnesse me serued wel
That me put in suche iolyte
Her frende wel ought I for to be
Sythe she the dore of that gardyn
Had opened / and me lette in.
700

The went I forthe on my right honde
Downe by a lytel pathe I fonde
Of myntes ful / and fenell grene
And faste by without wene 732
Syr Myrthe I founde / and right anon
Vnto sir Myrthe gan I gon
There as he was him to solace
And with him / in that lusty place 736
So fayre folke and so fresshe had he
That whan I sawe / I wondred me
Fro whence suche folke might come 739
So fayre they weren al and some
For they were lyke / as to my syght
To angels / that been fethered bright.

wrought
I shall you telle / as me thought
First wherof Myrthe serued there 703
And eke what folke there with him were
Without fable I wol discryue
And of that garden eke as blyue
I wol you tellen after this
The fayre fassyon al iwys 708
That wel wrought was for the nones

From hence forthe / howe that I

These folke / of which I tel you so
Vpon a karole wenten tho 744
A lady karoled hem / that hyght
Gladnesse / blysful and lyght
Wel coulde she synge and lustely
None halfe so wel and semely 748
And couthe make in songe such refraynyng

By order tellen you it al [1 131 bk., col. 2]

¹Ful fayre seruyce / and eke ful swete
These byrdes maden as they sete
Layes of loue / ful wel sownyng 715
They songen in her iargonyng
Some hye / and some eke lowe songe
Vpon the braunches grene ispronge
The swetnesse of her melodye

I may not tel you al atones

But as I may and can / I shall

It sate her wonder wel to synge
Her voyce ful clere was and ful swete
She was not rude ne vnmete 752
But couthe ynough of suche doyng
As longeth vnto karollyng
For she was wonte in euery place
To syngen first / folke to solace 756
For syngyng moste she gaue her to
No crafte had she so lefe to do.

Made al myn herte in reuelrye
And whan that I had herde I trowe
These byrdes syngyng on a rowe
Than might I not with holde me
That I ne went in for to se
Sir Myrthe / for my desyring
Was him to sene ouer al thyng
His countenaunce and his manere

And folke daunce and mery bene And made many a fayre tournyng 761

Vpon the grene grasse springyng

There mightest thou se these flutours Mynstrales and eke ioglours [1 Fo. C. xxxii.]

That wel to synge dyd her payne 765
Some songe songes of Lorayne
For in Loreyne her notes be
Ful swetter than in this countre 768
There was many a tymbestere
And saylours / that I dare wele swere
Couthe her crafte ful parfetly
The tymbres vp ful subtelly 772
They caste / and hente ful ofte
Vpon a fynger fayre and softe
That they fayled neuer mo

Ful fetys damosels two 776 Right yonge / and ful of semelyhede In kyrtels / and none other wede And fayre tressed enery tresse Had Myrthe done for his noblesse 780 Amydde the carole for to daunce But herof lyeth no remembraunce Howe that they daunsed queyntly That one wolde come al priuely 784 Agayne that other / and whan they were To gyther almoste / they threwe yfere Her mouthes so / that through her play It senied as they kyste alway 788 To dauncen wel couthe they the gyse What shulde I more to you deuyse Ne bode I neuer thence go Whyles that I sawe hem daunce so 792 Vpon the karoll wonder faste I gan beholde / tyl at laste A lady gan me for to espye And she was cleped Curtesye 796 The worshypful / the debonayre I pray to god euer fall her fayre Ful curteysly she called me 799 What do ye there Beau sire (qd she) Come / and if it lyke you To dauncen / daunseth with vs now And I without taryeng

Went in to the karollyng

765 I was abasshed neuer a dele
But it to me lyked right wele
That Curtesy me cleped so [1f. 132, col. 2]
768 And bade me on the daunce go 808
For if I had durste certayne
I wolde haue karoled right fayne
As man that was to daunce right blythe
Than gan I loken ofte sythe 812
The shap / the bodyes / and the cheres
The countenaunce and the maneres
Of al the folke that daunsed there
776 And I shal tel what they were. 816

Ful fayre was Myrthe / ful longe & hygh

A fayrer man I neuer sygh As rounde as appel was his face Ful roddy and whyte in euery place 820 Fetys he was and wel besey With metely mouthe / and eyen grey His nose by mesure wrought ful right Cryspe was his heere / and eke ful bright His shulders of a large brede And smallysshe in the gyrdelstede He semed lyke a purtreyture So noble he was of his stature 828 So fayre / so ioly / and so fetyse With lymmes wrought at poynt deuyse Delyuer / smerte / and of great myght Ne sawe thou neuer man so lyght Of berde vnneth had he nothyng For it was in the first spring Ful yonge he was / and mery of thought And in samette / with byrdes wrought And with golde beten ful fetously His body was clad ful richly Wrought was his robe in straunge gyse And al to slyttered for queyntyse 840 In many a place / lowe and hye 804 And shode he was with great maystrye

With shone decoped / and with lace
By drury / and by solace 844
His leefe a rosen chapelet
Had made / and on his heed it set

And wete ye who was his sefe 847 Dame Gladnesse there was him so lefe That syngeth so wel with glad corage That from she was twelue yere of age She of her love graunt him made Sir Myrthe her by the fynger hade 852 Daunsyng / and she him also Great loue was a twyxt hem two [132 bk.] Both were they fayre and bright of hewe She semed lyke a rose newe Of colours / and her flesshe so tendre That with a brere smale and tendre Men might it cleue / I dare wel sey Her forheed frounceles al pley 860 Bent were her browes two Her eyen gray / and glad also That laugheden aye in her semblaunt First or the mouthe by couenaunt 864 I wot not what of her nose I shal discryue So fayre hath no woman a lyue Her heere was yelowe / and clere shynyng I wot no lady so lykyng

Of Orfrayes fresshe / was her garlande
I whiche sene haue a thousande
Sawe neuer iwys no garlande yet
So wel wrought of sylke as it
And in an ouergylte samyte
Cladde she was / by great delyte
Of whiche her leefe a robe werde
The meryer she in her herte ferde

876

And next her went / on her other syde
The god of loue / that can deuyde
Loue / and as him lyketh it be
But he can cherles daunten / he: 880
And maken folkes pride fallen
And he can wel these lordes thrallen

And ladyes put at lowe degre
Whan he may hem to proude se. 884

This god of loue of his fascioun Was lyke no knaue / ne quystroun His bentie greatly was to prise But of his robe to denyse 888 I drede encombred for to be For not yeladde in sylke was he But al in floures and flourettes Ypaynted al with amorettes 892 And with losenges and scochons With byrdes / lyberdes / and lyons And other beestes wrought ful wele His garnement was euerydele 896 Ypurtrayed and ywrought with flours By dyuers medelyng of colours Floures there were of many gyse 899 Yset by compace in a syse [1 132 bk., col. 2] ¹There lacked no floure to my dome Ne not so moche as floure of brome Ne vyolet / ne eke peruynke 903 Ne floure non / that men can on thynke And many a rose lefe ful longe Was entermedled there amonge And also on his heed was set Of roses reed a chapelet 908 But nightyngales a ful great route

But nightyngales a ful great route
That flyen ouer his heed aboute
The leaves felden as they flyen
And he was al with byrdes wrien
With popingay / with nightyngale
With chalaundre / and with wodewale
With fynche / with larke / & with archangell

He semed as he were an angell 916
That downe were comen fro heuen clere

Loue had with him a bachelere
That he made always with him be
Swete Lokyng / cleped was he

920

This bacheler stode beholdyng
The daunce / and in his honde holdyng
Turke bowes two / ful wel deuysed
had he

That one of hem was of a tree 924
That beareth a fruite of sauoure wicke
Ful croked was that foule stycke
And knotty here and there also
And black as bery / or any slo 928

That other bowe was of a plante
Without wemme / I dare warrante
Ful euen and by proporcioun 931
Trectes & longe / of ful good facyoun
And it was paynted wel and twhitten
And ouer al diapred and written
With ladyes and with bacheleres
Ful lyghtsome and glad of cheres 936

These bowes two helde Swete Lokyng
That semed lyke no gadlyng
And ten brode arowes helde he there
Of whiche fyue in his righthonde were
But they were shauen wel and dyght
Nocked / and fethered aryght
And al they were with golde begon
And stronge poynted euerychon
944
And sharpe for to keruen wele
But yron was there none ne stele
For al was golde / men might se
Out take the fethers and the tree.
948

Out of a bowe for to driue 950
And best fethered for to flye [1 Fo. C. xxxiii.]
And fayrest eke / was cleped Beautie

That other arowe / that hurteth lesse Was cleped (as I trowe) Symplesse

The thyrde cleped was Fraunchyse
That fethered was in noble wyse 956
With valour and with curtesye

The fourthe was cleped companye

That heuy for to shoten is
But who so shoteth right iwys 960
May therwith don great harme and wo

The fyfte of these / and laste also
Fayre Semblaunt men that arowe call
The leest greuous of hem all 964
Yet can it make a full great wounde
But he may hope his sores sounde
That hurte is with that arowe iwys
His wo the bette bestowed is 968
For he may soner haue gladnesse
His langour ought be the lesse.

Plue arowes were of other gyse
That ben ful foule to deuyse 972
For shafte and ende / sothe for to tell
Were also blacke as fende in hell

The first of hem is called Pride
That other arowe next hym besyde 976
It was cleped Vylanye
That arowe was / as with felonye
Enuemymed / and with spytous blame
The thirde of hem was cleped Shame
The fourthe Wanhope cleped is 981
The fyfte the Newe thought iwys.

These arowes that I speke of here Were al fyue on one manere 984 And al were they resemblable To hem was wel syttyng and able The foule croked bowe hydous That knotty was / and al roynous 988 That bowe semed wel to shete These arowes fyue / that ben vnmete And contrarye to that other fyue But though I tell not as blyue 992 Of her power / ne of her myght Herafter shall I tellen right [1 1f. 182, col. 2] ¹The sothe / and eke signyfyaunce As ferre as I have remembraunce 996

Al shal be sayd I vndertake Er of this booke an ende I make.

Nowe come I to my tale agayne But alderfirst / I wol you sayne The fassyon and the countenaunces Of al the folke that on the daunce is The god of Loue iolyfe and lyght Ladde on his honde a lady bright 1004 Of hygh prise / and of great degre This lady called was Beaute And an arowe / of whiche I tolde Ful wel thewed was she holde 1008 Ne she was derke ne browne / but bright And clere as the moone lyght Agayne whom al the sterres semen But smale candels / as we demen 1012 Her flesshe was tendre as dewe of floure Her chere was symple as byrde in boure As whyte as lylye or rose in ryse Her face gentyl and tretyse Fetys she was / and smale to se No wyntred browes had she 1018 Ne popped her / for it neded nought To wyndre her / or to paynte her ought Her tresses yelowe / and longe straughten Vnto her heles downe they raughten Her nose / her mouthe / & eye and cheke Wel wrought / and al the remenaunt eke A ful great sauour and a swote 1025 Me thought in myn herte rote As helpe me god / whan I remembre Of the fassyon of euery membre 1028 In worlde is none so fayre a wight For yonge she was / and hewed bright Sore plesaunt / and fetys with all Gent / and in her myddell small 1032 Besyde Beaute yede Rychesse

And hyght lady of great noblesse And great of price in euery place But who so durste to her trespace 1036 For in this worlde is none it lyche

Or tyl her folke / in werke or dede He were ful hardy out of drede For bothe she helpe and hyndre may And that is not of yesterday That ryche folke haue ful great myght To helpe / and eke to greue a wight [133 bk.]

The best and greattest of valour Dydden Richesse ful great honour 1044 And besy weren her to serue For that they wolde her loue deserue They cleped her Lady great and smal This wyde worlde her dredeth al 1048 This worlde is al in her daungere Her courte hath many a losengere And many a traytour enuyous That ben ful besy and curious 1052 For to dispreyse / and to blame That best deseruen loue and name To forne the folke hem to begylen These losyngeours hem preyse and smy-1056 len

And thus the worlde with worde anoynten

But afterwarde they prill and poynten The folke / right to the bare bone 1059 Behynde her backe whan they ben gone And foule abaten folkes prise Ful many a worthy man and wyse Han hyndred / and ydon to dye These losyngeours with her flatery 1064 And maketh folke ful straunge be There as hem ought ben pryue Wel yuel mote they thryue and thee And yuel aryued mote they be 1068 These losengeours ful of enuy No good man loueth her company.

Rychesse a robe of purple on hadde Ne trowe nat that I lye or madde 1072 Ne by a thousande dele so riche
Ne none so fayre / for it ful wele
With Orfreys leyde was euerydele 1076
And purtrayde in the rybanynges
Of dukes stories / and of kynges
And with a bende of golde tassyled
And knoppes fyre of golde amyled
Aboute her necke of gentyl entayle
Was shette the riche Cheuesayle 1082
In whiche there was ful great plente
Of stones clere / and fayre to se.

¶ Richesse a gyrdel had vpon The bokell of it was of a ston 1086 Of vertue great / and mokel of myght For who so bare the stone so bright Of venym durst him nothyng dout [133 bk., Whyle he the stone had hym about That stone was greatly for to loue And tyl a riche mannes behoue 1092 Worthe al the golde in Rome / and Fryse The Mourdant wrought in noble gyse Was of a stone ful precious That was so fyne and vertuous 1096 That whole a man it couthe make Of palsye / and of tothe ake And yet the stone had suche a grace That he was seker in euery place Al thylke day not blynde to bene That fastyng might that stone sene The barres were of golde ful fyne Vpon a tyssue of Satyne 1104 Ful heuy / great / and nothyng lyght In eueryche was a besaunt wyght

Vpon the tresses of rychesse
Was set a cercle for noblesse 1108
Of brende golde / that ful lyght shone
So fayre trowe I was neuer none
But he were konnyng for the nones
That coulde deuyse al the stones 1112
That in that cercle shewen clere

It is a wonder thyng to here 1114 For no man coulde preyse or gesse Of hem the value or richesse Rubyes there were / Saphirs / Ragounces And Emeraudes / more than two ounces But al before ful subtelly A fyne Charboncle sette sawe I The stone so clere was and so bright That al so sone as it was nyght Men myght sene to go for nede A myle or two / in length and brede Suche lyght sprange out of the stone That Richesse wonder bright shone Bothe her heed / and al her face And eke aboute her al the place

Dame Rychesse on her honde gan lede A yonge man ful of semelyhede That she best loued of any thyng His luste was moche in housholdyng In clothyng was he ful fetyse And loued wel to have horse of prise He wende to have reproved be Of thefte or murdre / if that he Had in his stable an hackenay [Fo. C. xxxiiii.] And therefore he desyred aye To ben aqueynted with Richesse For al his purpose / as I gesse 1140 Was for to make great dispence Withouten warnyng or defence And Richesse myght it wele sustene And her dispences wele mayntene 1144 And hym alway suche plentie sende Of golde and syluer for to spende Without lackynge or daungere As it were pourde in a garnere. 1148

And after on the daunce went Largesse / that sette al her entent For to ben honorable and free Of Alexanders kynne was she Her most ioye was ywis
Whan that she yafe / and said: haue this
Nat Auarice the foule caytife
Was halfe to grype so ententyfe 1156
As Largesse is / to yeue and spende
And god alwaye ynowe her sende
So that the more she yaue awaye
The more ywis she had alwaye 1160
Great loos hath Largesse / and great prise
For bothe wyse folke and vnwyse
Were wholy to her bandon brought
So wel with yeftes hath she wrought

And if she had an enemy 1165
I trowe that she couthe craftely
Make hym ful soone her frende to be
So large of yeftes / and wyse was she
Therfore she stode in loue and grace
Of riche and poore in enery place

A ful great foole is he ywis

That bothe riche and poore / and nygarde is . 1172

A lorde may have no maner vyce That greueth more than auarice For nygarde neuer with strength of hande May wynne hym great lordship or lande For frendes al to fewe hath he To done his wyl performed be And who so wol haue frendes here He may nat holde his treasour dere For by ensample tel I this 1181 Right as an adamant ywis Can drawen to hym subtelly [1 1f. 134, col. 2] ¹The yron / that is layde therby 1184 So draweth folkes hertes iwys Syluer and golde that yeuen is

Largesse had on a robe fresshe
Of riche purpure Sarlynysshe 1188
Wel fourmed was her face and clere
And opened had she her colere
For she right there had in present

Vnto a lady made present 1192
Of a golde broche / ful wel wrought
And certes it missate her nought
For through her smocke wrought with
sylke 1195

The flesshe was sene as whyte as mylke Largesse / that worthy was and wyse Helde by the honde a knyght of prise Was sybbe to Arthour of Breteigne And that was he that bare the enseigne Of worshyp / and the Gousfaucoun And yet he is of suche renoun That men of hym say fayre thynges Before barons / erles / and kynges 1204

This knyght was comen al newly
Fro tourneyeng faste by
There had he done great chyualrie
Through his vertue and his maystrie
And for the loue of his lemman 1209
He caste downe many a doughty man

And nexte hym daunced dame Fraunchise

Arayed in ful noble gyse 1212
She nas nat browne ne dunne of hewe
As white as snowe yfallen newe
Her nose was wrought at poynt deuyse
For it was gentyl and tretyse 1216
With eyen glade / and browes bent
Her heer downe to her heles went
And she was symple as downe on tree
Ful debonayre of hert was she 1220

She durst neither saye ne do
But that / that hyr longeth to
And if a man were in distresse
And for her loue in heuynesse 1224
Her herte wolde haue ful great pyte
She was so amyable and free
For were a man for her bestadde
She wolde ben right sore a dradde 1228
That she dyd ouer great outrage

But she hym holpe his harme taswage Her thought it al a vylanye And she had on a suckeny [134 bk.] 1232 That nat of hempe heerdes was So fayre was none in al Arras Lorde it was ryddeled fetysly 1236 There has nat a poynt trewly That it nas in his right assyse Ful wel yelothed was Fraunchise For there nys no clothe sytteth bette On damosel / than dothe rokette A woman wel more fetyse is In rokette / than in cote ywis The white rokette ryddeled fayre Betokeneth that ful debonayre 1244And swete was she that it bere

By her daunced a Bachelere
I can nat tellen you what he hyght
But fayre he was and of good hyght
Al had he ben / I saye no more 1249
The lordes sonne of Wyndesore.

¶ And next that daunced Curtesy That preysed was of lowe and hye 1252 For neither proude ne fole was she She for to daunce called me I pray god gyue her good grace For whan I come first in to the place She nas nat nyce / ne outrageous 1257 But wyse and ware / and vertuous Of fayre speche / and fayre answere Was neuer wight myssayde of here She bare no rancour to no wyght 1261 Clere browne she was / and therto bright Of face and body auenaunt I wotte no lady so plesaunt She were worthy for to bene 1265 An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by her went a knyght dauncyng
That worthy was and wel spekyng
And ful wel coude he done honour
ROMAUNT.

That knyght was fayre and styffe in stour And in armure a semely man 1271 And welbeloued of his lemman.

¶ Fayre Idelnesse than saugh I
That alwaye was me fast by
Of her haue I without fayle 1275
Tolde you the shappe and appareyle
For (as I sayd) Lo / that was she
That dyd to me so great bounte
She the gate of that gardyn 1279
Vndyd / and let me passen in [If. 134, bk., col. 2]
And after daunced as I gesse

And she fulfylled of lustynesse That nas not yet .xii. yere of age 1283 With herte wylde / and thought volage Nyce she was / but she ne mente None harme ne sleight in her entente But onely lust and iolyte For yonge folke / wel weten ye Haue lytel thought / but on her play Her lemman was besyde alway In suche a gyse that he her kyste At al tymes that him lyste 1292 That al the daunce myght it se They make no force of preuyte For who so spake of hem yuel or wele They were a shamed neuer a dele 1296 But men might sene hem kysse there As it two yonge downes were For yonge was thylke bachelere Of beaute wot I non his pere 1300 And he was right of suche an age As Youthe his lefe / and suche corage

The lusty folke that daunced there
And also other that with hem were
That weren al of her meyne 1305
Ful hende folke / wyse / and free
And folke of fayre porte truely
There were al comenly 1308

Whan I had sene the countenaunces

Of hem that ladden thus these daunces
Than had I wyl to gon and se
The gardyn that so lyked me 1312
And loken on these fayre Laurelles
On Pyne trees/Cedres/ and Olmeres (sic)
The daunces than ended were
For many of hem that daunced there
Were with her loues went away 1317
Under the trees to haue her play.

A Icrde they lyued lustely
A great foole were he sykerly 1320
That nolde his thankes suche lyfe lede
For this dare I sayne out of drede
That who so myght so wel fare
For better lyfe durst him not care 1324
For there nys so good paradyse
As to haue a lone at his deuyse
Out of that place went I tho [leaf 135]
And in that gardyn gan I go 1328
Playeng a longe ful merily

The god of Loue ful hastely
Unto him Swete Lokyng clepte
No lenger wolde he that she kept 1332
His bowe of golde / that shone so bright
He had him bent anon right
And he ful sone sette an ende
And at a brayde he gan it bende 1336
And toke him of his arowes fyue
Ful sharpe and redy for to driue

Nowe god that sytteth in maieste
Fro deedly woundes he kepe me 1340
If so be that he had me shete
For if I with his arowe mete
It had me greued sore ywis
But I that nothyng wyste of this 1344
Went vp and downe / ful many a way
And he me folowed faste alway
But no where wolde I rest me
Tyll I had in al the gardyn be. 1348

The gardyn was by mesuryng
Right euen and square in compasyng
It as longe was as it was large
Of fruite had euery tree his charge 1352
But it were any hydous tree
Of whiche there were two or thre

There were / and that wote I ful wele
Of Pome garnettes a ful great dele 1356
That is a frute ful welle to lyke
Namely to folke whan they ben syke
And trees there were / great foyson
That baren nuttes in her season 1360
Suche as men notemygges call
That swote of sauour ben withall
And Almandres great plente
Fygges / and many a date tre 1364
There weren / if men had nede
Through the gardyn / in lenght and brede

There was eke wexyng many a spyce
As clowe gylofre / and lycorice 1368
Gyngere / and greyn de Parys
Canell / and setewale of pris
And many a spyce delytable
To eeten whan men ryse fro table 1372

And many homely trees ther were
That peches / coynes / and apples bere
Medlers / plommes / peeres / chesteynis
Cheryse / of whiche many one fayne is
Notes / aleys / and bolas 1377
That for to sene it was solas
With many hygh laurer / and pyne
Was renged clene al that gardyne 1380

There were Elmes great and stronge Maples / asshe / oke / aspe / planes longe Fyne ewe / popler / and lyndes fayre And other trees ful many a payre 1386

Of whiche that nygh no plenty here is

With Cipres / and with Olyueris

What shulde I tel you more of it?

That I shulde al encombred be Er I had rekened every tree

These trees were sette that I deuyse One from another in assyse Fyue fadome or sixe / I trowe so But they were hye and great also 1394 And for to kepe out wel the sonne The croppes were so thicke yronne And euery braunche in other knytte And ful of grene leues sytte That sonne myght there none discende Lest the tender grasses shende There myght men Does and Roes v se And of squyrels ful great plente From bowe to bowe always lepynge Connes there were also playenge 1404 That comyn out of her clapers Of sondrie colours and maners And maden many a tourneyeng 1407 Vpon the fresshe grasse spryngyng

In places sawe I welles there
In whiche there no frogges were
And fayre in shadowe was euery wel
But I ne can the nombre tel 1412
Of stremys smal that by deuyse
Myrthe had done come through condyse
Of whiche the water in rennyng
Gan make a noyse ful lykyng 1416

About the brinkes of these welles
And by the stremes ouer al elles
Sprange vp the grasse / as thicke yset
And softe as any veluet
1420
On whiche men myght his lēman ley
As on a fetherbed to pley
[leaf 135, back]
For the erthe was ful softe and swete
Through moisture of the wel wete
Spronge vp the sote grene gras
1425
As fayre / as thicke / as myster was
But moche amended it the place

1388 That therthe was of suche a grace 1428
That it of floures hath plente
That bothe in somer and wynter be

There sprange the vyolet al newe And fresshe peruynke riche of hewe And floures yelowe / white / and rede Suche plente grewe there neuer in mede Ful gaye was al the grounde and queynt And poudred / as men had it peynt With many a fresshe and sondrie floure That easten vp ful good sauour 1438

I wol nat longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardyn dilectable
I mote my tonge stynten nede
For I ne maye withouten drede
Naught tellen you the beaute al
Ne halfe the bounte there with al 1444

I went on right honde and on lefte Aboute the place / it was nat lefte Tyl I had al the garden bene In the efters that men myght sene 1448

And thus while I wente in my playe The god of loue me folowed aye Right as an hunter can abyde The beest / tyl he seeth his tyde 1452 To shoten at goodmesse to the dere Whan that hym nedeth go no nere

And so befyl / I rested me
Besydes a wel vnder a tree 1456
Which tree in Fraunce men cal a Pyne
But sithe the tyme of kyng Pepyne
Ne grewe there tree in mannes syght
So fayre / ne so wel woxe in hight 1460
In al that yarde so high was none
And springyng in a marble stone
Had nature set / the sothe to tel
Vnder that pyne tree a wel 1464
And on the border al without
Was written in the stone about
Letters smal / that sayden thus

Here starfe the fayre Narcisus. 1468
Narcisus was a bachelere
That loue had caught in his dangere
And in his nette gan hym so strayne
And dyd him so to wepe and playne
That nede him must his lyfe forgo 1473
For a fayre lady that hight Echo
Him loued ouer any creature
And gan for hym suche payne endure
That on a tyme she him tolde
That if he her louen nolde
That her behoued nedes dye
There laye none other remedy
1480

But nathelesse for his beaute So feirs and daungerous was he That he nolde graunten her askyng For wepyng / ne for fayre prayeng 1484

And whan she herde hym werne her so She had in hert so great wo And toke it in so great dispyte That she without more respyte 1488 Was deed anon: but ere she devde Ful pitously to god she prayde That proude herted Narcisus That was in loue so daungerous 1492 Might on a day ben hampred so For love / and ben so hote for wo That neuer he myght to joye attayne Than shulde he fele in euery vayne 1496 What sorowe trewe louers maken That ben so vilaynously forsaken.

This prayer was but resonable
Therfore god helde it ferme & stable
For Narcisus shortly to tel 1501
By auenture came to that wel
To rest him in the shadowyng
A day / whan he come from huntyng
This Narcisus had suffred paynes 1505
For rennyng al day in the playnes

And was for thurst in great distresse
Of herte / and of his werynesse 1508
That had his brethe almost be nomen
Whan he was to that wel ycomen
That shadowed was with braunches
grene

He thought of thilke water shene 1512
To drinke / and fresshe hym wele withal
And downe on knees he gan to fal
And forthe his necke and heed out
straught

To drynke of that wel a draught And in the water anon was sene His nose / his mouthe / his even shene And he therof was al abasshed His owne shadowe had him betrasshed For wel wende he the forme se 1521 Of a chylde of great beaute Well couthe loue him wreke tho Of daunger and of pride also 1524 That Narcisus somtyme him bere He guytte him wel his guerdon there For he mused so in the well That shortely the sothe to tell 1528 He loued his owne shadowe so That at laste he starfe for wo For whan he sawe that he his wyll Might in no maner way fulfyll 1532 And that he was so faste caught That he him couthe comforte naught He loste his wytte / right in that place And devde within a lytell space 1536 And thus his waryson he toke For the lady that he forsoke

Ladyes I praye ensample taketh
Ye that ayenst your loue mistaketh
For if her dethe be you to wyte 1541
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

When that this lettre / of whiche I tell

Had taught me that it was the welle Of Narcisus in his beaute 1545 I gan anon withdrawe me Whan it fell in my remembraunce That him betyd suche mischaunce But at the laste than thought I 1549 That scathlesse / ful sykerly I myght vnto the welle go Wherof shulde I abasshen so 1552 Vnto the welle than went I me And downe I louted for to se The clere water in the stone 1555 And eke the grauel / whiche that shone Downe in the botome / as syluer fyne For of the welle / this is the fyne 1558 In worlde is none so clere of hewe The water is euer fresshe and newe That welmeth vp / with wawes bright The mountenaunce of two fynger hight Aboute it is grasse springyng ¹For moyste so thycke and wel lykyng That it ne may in wynter dye No more than may the see be drye.

Owne at the botomn set sawe I
Two cristall stones craftely 1568
In thilke fresshe and fayre well
But o thyng sothly dare I tell
That ye wol holde a great meruayle
Whan it is tolde / withouten fayle 1572
For whan the sonne clere in syght
Caste in that welle his bemes bright
And that the heete discended is 1575
Than taketh the cristall stone ywis
Agayne the sonne an hundred hewes
Blewe / yelowe / and reed that fressh

& newe is 1578
Yet hath the meruaylous cristall
Suche strength / that the place ouer all
Both foule and tree / and leues grene
And all the yerde in it is sene

And for to don you to vnderstonde To make ensample wol I fonde 1584 Right as a myrrour openly Sheweth al thyng that stondeth therby As wel the colour / as the fygure Withouten any conerture 1588 Right so the cristall stone shynyng Withouten any disceyuyng The entrees of the yerde accuseth To him that in the water museth 1592 For euer in whiche halfe that ye be Ye may wel halfe the gardyne se And if he turne / he may right wele Sene the remenaunt enery dele For there is none so lytel thyng So hydde ne closed with shyttyng That it ne is sene / as though it were Paynted in the cristall there 1600 This is the myrrour perillus In whiche the proude Narcisus Sey al his fayre face bright That made hym sithe to lye vpright For who so loke in that myrrour 1605 There maye nothyng ben his socour That he ne shal there se somthyng That shal hym lede in to laughyng.

Ful many a worthy man hath it Yblent / for folke of greatest wyt 1610 Ben soone caught here and wayted Withouten respyte ben they bayted [136, bk... Here cometh to folke of newe rage Here chaungeth many wight corage. Here lythe no rede ne wytte therto For Venus sonne / dan Cupido 1616 Hath sowen there of lone the sede That helpe ne lythe there none / ne rede So cercleth it the welle aboute His gynnes hath he set withoute 1620 Right for to catche in his panters These damosels and bachelers

Loue wyl none other byrde catche
Though he set eyther nette or latche
And for the sede that here was sowen
This welle is cleped / as wel is knowen
The welle of Loue / of very right 1627
Of whiche there hath ful many a wight
Spoken in bokes dyuersely
But they shul neuer so verily
Discripcion of the welle here
Ne eke the sothe of this matere 1632
As ye shul / whan I haue vndo
The crafte that her belongeth to.

Llway me lyked for to dwell To sene the christall in the well That shewed me ful openly 1637 A thousand thynges faste by But I may say in sory houre Stode I to loken or to powre 1640 For sythen I sore syghed That Myrrour hath me nowe entriked But had I first knowen in my wyt The vertue and strengthes of it 1644 I nolde not have mused there Me had bette ben els where For in the snare I fell anone That had bytresshed many one 1648 In thylke Myrrour sawe I tho Amonge a thousande thynges mo

In thylke Myrrour sawe I tho
Amonge a thousande thynges mo
A Roser charged ful of rosis
That with an hedge aboute enclosis 1652
Tho had I suche luste and enuye
That for Parys ne for Pauye
Nolde I haue lefte to gone and se
There greatest heape of roses be
There greatest heape of roses be
When I was with this rage hente
That caught hath many a man and shente
Towarde the Roser gan I go
And whan I was not ferre therfro
The sauour of the roses swote

Me smote right to the herte rote As I had al enbaumed me And if I ne had endouted me 1664 To have ben hated or assayled My thankes wol I not have fayled To pull a rose of al that route To bere in myn honde aboute 1668 And smellen to it where I went But euer I dredde me to repent And leste it greued or forthought . 1671 The lorde that thilke gardyn wrought Of roses there were great wone So fayre ware neuer in Rone Of knoppes close / some sawe I there And some wel better woxen were 1676 And some there ben of other movson That drowe nygh to her season And spedde hem faste for to sprede I loue wel suche roses rede 1680 For brode roses / and open also Ben passed in a day or two But knoppes wyl fresshe be Two dayes at leest / or els thre 1684 The knoppes greatly lyked me For fayrer may there no man se Who so might have one of all It ought him ben ful lefe withall 1688 Might I garlonde of hem geten For no richesse I wolde it leten Among the knoppes I chese one So fayre / that of the remenaunt none Ne preyse I halfe so wel as it 1693Whan I auyse in my wyt For it so wel was enlumyned With colour recd / as wel fyned 1696 As nature couthe it make fayre

And it hath leaves wel foure payre

Aboute the redde roses springyng 1700

set

That kynde hath

knowyng

through

The stalke was as rysshe right And theron stode the knoppe vpright That it ne bowed vpon no syde The swote smell spronge so wyde 1704 That it dyed al the place aboute Whan I had smelled the sauour swote No wyl had I fro thence yet go [lf. 137] But somdele nere it went I tho 1708 To take it / but myn honde for drede Ne durste I to the Rose bede For thystels sharpe of many maners Netles / thornes / and hoked briers 1712 For moche they distourbled me For sore I dradde to harmed be.

THe god of Loue / with bowe bent That al day set had his talent To pursue and to spyen me 1717 Was stondyng by a fygge tree And whan he sawe howe that I Had chosen so ententifly 1720 The bothum more vnto my paye Than any other that I say He toke an arowe / ful sharply whette And in his bowe whan it was sette 1724 He streight vp to his eere drough The stronge bowe / that was so tough And shotte at me so wonder smerte That through myn eye vnto myn herte The takel smote / and depe it wente And therwithal suche colde me hente That vnder clothes warme and softe Sythen that day I have chyucred ofte

Whan I was hurte thus in stounde I fell downe platte vnto the grounde Myn herte fayled / and faynted aye And longe tyme in swoune I laye 1736 But whan I came out of swounyng And had wytte / and my felyng I was al mate / and wende ful wele 1739

Of bloode have lorne a ful great dele But certes the arowe that in me stoode Of me ne drewe no droppe of bloode For why / I founde my woundes all drey

Than toke I with myn hondes twey The arowe / and ful faste it out plyght And in the pullyng sore I syght So at the laste the shafte of tree I drough out / with the fethers thre But yet the hoked heed ywis The whiche Beaute called is Gan so depe in myn herte pace That I it might not arace 1752But in myn hert styl it stoode Al bledde I not a droppe of bloode I was bothe anguysshous and trouble For the peryll that I sawe double 1756 I nyste what to say or do Ne get a leche my woundes to For neyther through grasse ne rote Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote 1760 But to the bothum euer mo Myn herte drewe / for al my wo My thought was in none other thyng For had it ben in my kepyng It wolde have brought my lyfe agayne For certes euenly / I dare wel sayne The sight onely / and the sauoure Alegged moche of my langoure 1768

Than gan I for to drawe me
Towarde the Bothom fayre to se
And Loue had get him in his throwe
Another arowe in to his bowe 1772
And for to shote gan hym dresse
The arowes name was Symplesse
And whan that Loue gan nygh me nere
He drowe it vp withouten were 1776
And shotte at me with al his myght
So that this arowe anon right
Throughout eygh as it was founde

In to myn herte hath made a wounde Than I anon dyd al my crafte For to drawen out the shafte And therwithal I syghed efte But in myn herte the heed was lefte Which are encresed my desyre 1785 Unto the bothom drowe I nere And euermo that me was wo The more desyre had I to go 1788 Unto the Roser / where that grewe The fresshe bothom / so bright of hewe Better me were to have letten be But it behoued nede me 1792 To don right as myn herte badde For euer the body muste be ladde After the herte / in wele and wo Of force togyder they muste go 1796 But neuer this archer wolde fyne To shote at me with al his pyne And for to make me to him mete

The thirde arowe he gan to shete 1800 Whan best his tyme he myght espye The whiche was named Curtesye [137, back] In to myne herte it dyd auale Aswoune I fel / bothe deed and pale Longe tyme I lay / and styrred nought Tyl I abrayde out of my thought And faste than I auysed me To drawe out the shafte of tree 1808 But euer the heed was lefte behynde For aught I couthe pull or wynde So sore it stycked whan I was hytte That by no crafte I myght it flytte 1812 But anguysshous and ful of thought Ilefte suche wo / my wounde aye wrought That somoned me alway to go Towarde the Rose / that plesed me so But I ne durste in no manere Bycause the archer was so nere

For euermore gladly as I rede

Brent chylde of fyre hath moche drede And certes yet for al my peyne Though that I sygh / yet arowes reyne And grounde quarels / sharpe of steele Ne for no payne that I might fele 1824 Yet might I not my selfe with holde The favre Roser to beholde For Loue me yaue suche hardyment For to fulfyll his comaundement 1828 Upon my fete I rose vp than Feble / as a forwounded man And forthe to gon might I sette And for the archer nolde I lette 1832 Towarde the Roser faste I drowe But thornes sharpe / mo than ynowe There were / and also thystels thicke And breres brimme for to pricke 1836 That I ne myght get grace The roughe thornes for to pace To sene the Roses fresshe of hewe I muste abyde / though it me rewe 1840 The hedge aboute so thycke was That closed the Roses in compas But o thyng lyked me right wele

I.was so nyghe / I myght fele 1844 Of the bothom the swote odoure And also se the fresshe coloure And that right greatly lyked me That I so nere might it se 1848 Such iove anon therof had I That I forgate my maladye To sene I had suche delyte Of sorowe and angre I was all quyte 1852 And of my woundes that I had thore For no thyng lyken me myght more Than dwellen by the Roser aye And thence neuer to passe awaye 1856 But whan a whyle I had be thare The god of Loue / whiche al to share Myn herte with his arowes kene

Casteth him to yeue me woundes grene
He shotte at me ful hastely 1861
An arowe named Company
The whiche takell is ful able
To make these ladyes merciable 1864
Than I anon gan chaungen hewe
For greuaunce of my wounde newe
That I agayne fel in swounyng
And syghed sore / in complaynyng 1868
Sore I complayned that my sore

On me gan greuen more and more I had non hope of allegeaunce So nygh I drowe to disperaunce 1872 I rought of dethe / ne of lyfe Whether that love wolde me drife If me a martyr wolde he make I myght his power not forsake 1876 And whyle for anger thus I woke The god of Loue an arowe toke Ful sharpe it was and pugnaunt And it was called Fayre semblaunt 1880 The whiche in no wyse wol consent That any louer hym repente To serue his loue / with herte and all For any peryll that may befall But though this arowe was kene grounde As any rasour that is founde To cutte and kerue at the poynte The god of Loue it had anount 1888 With a precious oyntment Somdele to yeue alegement Upon the woundes that he hade 1891 Through the body in my herte made To helpe her sores / and to cure 1893 And that they may the bette endure But yet this arowe / without more Made in myn herte a large sore 1896 That in ful great payne I abode But aye the oyntement went abrode [1. 138] Throughout my woundes large & wyde

It spredde aboute in euery syde 1900 Thorough whose vertue / and whose myght

Myn herte ioyful was and lyght I had ben deed and al to shent But for the precious cyntment 1904 The shafte I drowe out of the arowe Rokyng for wo right wonder narowe But the heed / whiche made me smerte Lefte behynde in myn herte 1908 With other foure / I dare wel say That neuer wol be take away But the oyntment halpe me wele And yet suche sorowe dyd I fele 1912 That al day I chaunged hewe Of my woundes fresshe and newe As men might se in my vysage The arowes were so ful of rage 1916 So varyaunt of diversyte That men in eueryche might se Bothe great anoye / and eke swetnesse And ioye meynt with bytternesse 1920 Nowe were they easy / nowe were they wood

In hem I felte bothe harme and good Nowe sore without aleggement Nowe softyng with oyntment 1924 It softned here / and pricketh there Thus ease and anger togyther were.

The god of Loue delyuerly
Come lepande to me hastely 1928
And sayd to me in great iape
Yelde the / for thou may not escape
May no defence analyle the here
Therfore I rede make no daungere 1932
If thou wolte yelde the hastely
Thou shalt rather haue mercy
He is a foole in sykernesse
That with daunger or stoutnesse 1936

Rebelleth / there that he shulde plese In suche folye is lytel ese Be meke / where thou muste nedes bowe To stryue agen is nought thy prowe Come atones / and haue ydo 1941 For I wol that it be so Than yelde the here debonairly And I answered ful humbly 1944 Gladly sir / at your byddyng I wol me yelde in al thyng To your seruyce I wol me take For god defende that I shulde make Aven your byddyng resystence 1949 I wol not don so great offence For if I dyd / it were no skyll Ye may do with me what ye wyll 1952 Saue or spyll / and also slo Fro you in no wyse may I go My lyfe / my dethe / is in your honde I may not laste out of your bonde 1956 Playne at your lyste I yelde me Hopyng in herte / that somtyme ye Comforte and ese shul me sende Or els shortly / this is the ende 1960 Withouten helthe / I mote aye dure But if ye take me to your cure Comforte or helthe / how shulde I haue Sythe ye me hurte / but ye me saue 1964 The helthe of loue mote be founde Where as they token first her wounde And if ye lyst of me to make Your prisoner / I wol it take 1968 Of herte and wyll fully at gre Holy and playne I yelde me Without feynyng or feyntyse To be gouerned by your emprise 1972 Of you I here so moche price I wol ben hole at your deuyce For to fulfyll your lykyng And repente for nothyng 1976

Hopyng to haue yet in some tyde
Mercy / of that I abyde
And with that couenaunt yelde I me
Anon downe knelyng vpon my kne 1980
Proferyng for to kysse his fete
But for nothyng he wolde me lete.

And sayd / I loue the bothe and preise Sens that thyn answer dothe me ese For thou answered so curtesly 1985 For nowe I wote wel vtterly That thou arte gentyl by thy speche For though a man ferre wolde seche 1988 He shulde not fynden in certayne No suche answere of no vilayne For suche a worde ne myght nought Isse out of a vylayns thought [1f. 138 back] Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche 1993 For thy helpyng woll I eche And eke encresen that I maye But first I wol that thou obaye 1996 Fully for thyn auauntage Anon to do me here homage And sythe kysse thou shalte my mouthe Whiche to no vilayne was neuer couthe For to aproche it / ne for to touche 2001 For saufe of cherles I ne vouche That they shal neuer neigh it nere For curteys / and of fayre manere Wel taught / and ful of gentylnysse He muste ben / that shal me kysse And also of ful hygh fraunchyse That shal atteyne to that emprise 2008 And first of o thyng warne I the

That payne and great adversyte

He mote endure / and eke trauayle

But there agaynst the to comforte

And with thy seruyce to disporte

That shal me serue / without fayle 2012

Thou mayst ful glad and ioyful be So good a mayster to have as me And lorde of so hygh renoun I beare of loue the Gonfenoun Of Curtesy the banere For I am of the selfe manere 2020 Gentyll / curteys / meke / and fre That who euer ententyfe be Me to honoure / doute / and serue And also that he hym obserue 2024 Fro trespace and fro vilanye And hym gouerne in curtesye With wyll and with entencion For whan he first in my prison 2028 Is caught / than muste he vtterly Fro thence forthe ful besylv Caste hym gentyll for to be If he desyre helpe of me 2032

Anon without more delay
Withouten daunger or affray
I become his man anone
And gaue hym thankes many a one 2036
And kneled downe with hondes ioynt
And made it in my porte ful queynt.
The ioye went to my hert rote
Whan I had kyssed his mouthe so
swote 2040

I had suche myrthe and suche lykyng
It cured me of languysshyng
He asked of me than hostages
I haue he sayd taken fele homages 2044
Of one and other / where I haue bene
Disteyned ofte / withouten wene
These felons ful of falsyte
Haue many sythes begyled me 2048
And through her falshede her luste acheued

Whereof I repent / and am agreued And I hem get in my daungere Her falshede shul they bye ful dere 2052 But for I loue the / I say the playne I wol of the be more certayne For the so sore I wol nowe bynde That thou away ne shalt not wynde For to denyen the couenannt (sic) 2057 Or done that is not auenaunt That thou were false / it were great ruthe Sythe thou semest so ful of truthe 2060

Sir / if the lyst to vnderstande I meruayle the askyng this demande For why or wherfore shulde ve Hostages or borowes aske of me Or any other sykernesse Sythe ye wot in sothfastnesse That ye me haue susprised so And hole myne herte taken me fro 2068 That it wol do for me nothyng But if it be at your byddyng Myn herte is yours / & myn right nought As it behoueth / in dede and thought Redy in al to worche your wyll Whether so turne to good or yll So sore it lusteth you (sic) to plese No man thereof may you disese Ye have theron sette suche iustyse That it is werreyed in many wyse And if ye doute it nolde obey Ye may therof do make a key 2080 And holde it with you for hostage

Nowe certes this is none outrage (Quod loue) and fully I accorde
For of the body he is ful lorde 2084
That hath the herte in his tresore
Outrage it were to asken more.

Than of his aumener he drough [15.139]
A lytel key fetise ynough 2088
Whiche was of golde polysshed clere
And sayd to me / with this key here
Thyne herte to me nowe wol I shette

For al my iowel loke and knette 2092 I bynde vnder this lytel key That no wight maye cary awey

This key is ful of great poste
With whiche anon he touched me 2096
Under the syde ful softely
That he myne herte sodainly
Without anoye hadde speered 2099
That yet right nought it hath me deered

Whan he hadde done his wyl al out
And I had putte hym out of dout
Sir I sayd: I haue right great wyl
Your luste and pleasure to fulfyl 2104
Loke ye my seruyce take at gree
By thilke faythe ye owe to me
I saye nought for recreaundyse
For I nought doute of your seruyce 2108

But the seruaunt traueyleth in vayne That for to seruen dothe his payne Unto that lorde / whiche in no wyse Conne him no thanke for his seruyce.

Oue sayde / dismay the nought 2113
Syththou for socour hast me sought
In thanke thy seruyce wol I take
And highe of degree I wol the make
If wyckednesse ne hynder the 2117
But (as I hoope) it shal nought be
To worshyppe no wight by auenture
Maye come / but if he payne endure 2120

Abyde and suffre thy distresse That hurteth nowe / it shal be lesse I wotte my selfe what maye the saue What medicyne thou woldest haue 2124

And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe
I shal vnto thyne helpyng eke
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene
Where so they be olde or grene 2128
Thou shalte be holpen at wordes fewe
For certainly thou shalte wel shewe
Where that thou seruest with good wyl

For to accomplysshen and fulfyl 2132 My cōmaundementes daye and nyght Which I to louers yeue of right.

A H sir / for goddes loue (sayd I)
Er ye passe hens ententyfely 2136
Your cōmaundementes to me ye say
And I shal kepe hem if I may
For hem to kepen is al my thought
And if so be I wote hem nought 2140
Than maye I vnwyttingly
Wherfore I praye you entierly
With all myne herte / me to lere
That I trespace in no manere 2144

The god of Loue than charged me Anon / as ye shal here and se Worde by worde / by right emprise So as the Romaunt shal deuyse 2148

The maister leseth his tyme to lere
Whan the disciple wol nat here
It is but vayne on hym to swynke 2151
That on his lernynge wol nat thynke
Whoso lusteloue/lette him entende
For nowe the Romance begynneth to
amēde

Nowe is good to here in faye If any be that canne it saye 2156 And poynt it as the reason is Sette for other gate ywis It shal nat wel in al thyng Be brought to good vnderstondyng 2160 For a reder that poynteth yl A good sentence maye ofte spyl The boke is good at the endyng Made of newe and lusty thyng 2164 For who so wol the endyng here The crafte of loue he shal nowe lere If that he wol so longe abyde Tyl I this Romance maye vnhyde 2168 And vndo the signyfiaunce Of this dreme in to Romaunce

The sothfastnesse that nowe is hydde Without couerture shal be kydde 2172 Whan I vndone haue this dremyng Wherin no worde is of leasyng.

U Illany at the begynnyng
I wol saye loue ouer al thyng 2176
Thou leaue / if thou wolte be
False / and trespace ayenst me
I curse and blame generally
Al hem that louen villany 2180
For villany maketh villayne [1 lf. 139, back]
And by his dedes a chorle is seyne 1

These vilayns arne without pyte Frendshyp / loue / and al bounte 2184 I nyl receyue vnto my seruyce Hem that ben vilayns of emprise

But vnderstonde in thyn entent That this is not myn entendement 2188 To clepe no wight in no ages Onely gentyl for his lynages But who so is vertuous And in his porte not outragyous 2192 Whan suche one thou seest the beforne Though he be not gentyl borne Thou mayste wel seyne this is in sothe That he is gentyl / by cause he dothe As longeth to a gentylman 2197 Of hem none other deme I can For certaynly withouten drede A chorle is demed by his dede 2200 Of hye or lowe / as ye may se Or of what kynrede that he be Ne say nought for none yuell wyll Thing that is to holden styll 2204 It is no worshyp to missey Thou mayste ensample take of Key That was somtyme for missayeng Hated bothe of olde and yonge 2208

As ferre as Gaweyn the worthy

Was praysed for his curtesye
Kaye was hated / for he was fell
Of worde dispytous and cruell 2212
Wherfore be wyse and aqueyntable
Goodly of worde / and resonable
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare
And whan thou comest there men are
Loke that thou haue in custome aye 2217
First to salue hem if thou may
And if it fall that of hem some
Salue the first / be not dome 2220
But quyte hem curtesly anon
Without abydyng / er they gon

For nothyng eke thy tonge applye
To speke wordes of rybaudye
2224
To vilayne speche / in no degre
Late neuer thy lyppe vnbounden be
For I nought holde him in good faythe
Curteys that foule wordes saythe
2228
And al women serue and preyse
And to thy power her honour reyse
And if that any missayere
2231
Dispyse women / that thou mayste here
Blame him / and bydde him holde him
styll

And sette thy might / and al thy wyll
Women and ladyes for to plese 2235
And to do thyng that may hem ese
That they euer speke good of the
For so thou mayste best praysed be

Loke fro pride thou kepe the wele
For thou mayste bothe parceyue and fele
That pride is bothe foly and synne 2241
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his herte in no wyse
Meken ne souplen to seruyce 2244
For pride is founde in euery parte
Contrarye vnto loucs arte
And he that loueth trewly
Shulde him conteyne iolyly 2248

Without pride in sondrie wyse
And him disgysen in queyntyse
For queynte aray / without drede
Is nothyng proude / who taketh hede
For fresshe aray / as men may se 2253
Without pride may ofte be

Mayntayne thy selfe after thy rent
Of robe and eke of garnement 2256
For many sythe fayre clothyng
A man amendeth in moche thyng

And loke alwaye that they be shape What garnement that thou shalte make Of him that can best do 2261 With al that parteyneth therto Poyntes and sleues be well syttande Right and streight on the hande Of shone and bootes / newe and fayre Loke at the leest thou have a payre And that they sytte so fetously That these rude may vtterly 2268 Meruayle/sythe that they sytte so playne Howe they come an (sic) or of agayne Weare strayte gloues with aumere Of sylke / and alway with good chere 2272 Thou yeue / if thou haue rychesse And if thou have naught spende the lesse Alway be mery / if thou may But waste not thy good alway 2276 Haue hatte of floures / as fresshe as May Chapelet of Roses of Whitsonday [1f. 140] For suche araye ne costneth but lyte Thyne hondes wasshe / thy tethe make white 2280

And lette no fylthe vpon the be
Thy nayles blacke / if thou mayst se
Voyde it away delyuerly.
And kembe thyne heed right iolyly 2284
Farce nat thy visage in no wyse
For that of loue is nat themprise
For loue dothe haten / as I fynde

A beaute that cometh nat of kynde 2288 Alwaye in hert I rede the Gladde and mery for to be And be as ioyful as thou canne Loue hath no iove of sorouful manne That yuel is ful of curtesy 2293 That knoweth in his malady For euer of loue the sicknesse Is meynte with swete and bytternesse The sore of loue is meruaylous 2297 For nowe the louer ioyous Nowe can he playne / nowe can he grone Nowe can he syngen / nowe maken mone To day he playneth for heuynesse 2301 To morowe he playneth for iolynesse The lyfe of loue is ful contrarye Whiche stoundemeale can ofte varye But if thou canste myrthes make 2305 That men in gre wol gladly take Do it goodly / I comaunde the For men shulde where so euer they be Do thynge that hem syttyng is For therof cometh good loos and pris Wherof that thou be vertuous Ne be not straunge ne daungerous 2312 For if that thou good ryder be Pricke gladly that men may se In armes also if thou conne Pursue tyl thou a name hast wonne 2316 And if thy voyce be fayre and clere Thou shalt maken no great daungere Whan to synge they goodly pray It is thy worshyp for to obey 2320 Also to you it longeth aye To harpe and gyterne / daunce and playe For if he can wel fote and daunce It may him greatly do auaunce 2324 Amonge eke for thy lady sake Songes and complayntes that thou make For that wol meuen in her herte

Whan they reden of thy smerte 2328 Loke that no man for scarce the holde For that may greue the manyfolde Reson wol that a louer be 2332 In his yeftes more large and fre Than chorles that ben not of louyng For who therof can any thyng He shal be lefe aye for to yeue In londes lore who so wolde leue 2336 For he that through a sodayne syght Or for a kyssyng anon ryght Yaue hole his herte / in wyl and thought And to hym selfe kepeth right nought After this swyfte / it is good reson He yeue his good in abandon

N Owe wol I shortly here reherce
Of that I have sayd in verce 2344
Al the sentence by and by
In wordes fewe compendously
That thou the better mayste on hem
thynke

Whether so it be thou wake or wynke
For the wordes lytel greue 2349
A man to kepe / whan it is breue

Who so with loue wol gon or ryde

He mote be curteyes / and voyde of
pride

Mery / and full of iolyte 2353 And of largesse a losed be.

First I ioyne the here in penaunce
That euer without repentaunce 2356
Thou set thy thought in thy louyng
To laste without repentyng
And thinke vpon thy myrthes swete
That shal followe after whan ye mete.

And for thou trewe to loue shalt be I wyl / and comaunde the

That in one place thou set al hole Thyn herte / without halfen dole 2364 For trecherye and sykernesse For I loued neuer doublenesse To many his herte that wol departe Eueryche shal haue but lytel parte 2368 But of him drede I me right nought That in one place setteth his thought Therefore in o place it sette [leaf 140, back] And lette it neuer thens flette 2372 For if thou yeuest it in lenyng I holde it but a wretched thyng Therfore yeue it hole and quyte And thou shalte have the more meryte If it be lent / than after soone 2377The bounte and the thanke is done But in Loue / free yeuen thyng Requyreth a great guerdonyng 2380

Yeue it in yefte al quyte fully
And make thy gifte debonairly
For men that yefte holde more dere
That yeuen is with gladsome chere 2384

That gifte nought to praysen is That man yeueth maugre his Whan thou hast yeuen thyne hert (as I Haue sayde) the here openly Than auentures shul the fal Whiche harde and heuy ben with al For ofte whan thou bethynkest the Of thy louyng / where so thou be 2392 Fro folke thou must departe in hye That none perceyue thy malady But hyde thyne harme thou must alone And go forthe sole / and make thy mone Thou shalte no whyle be in o state 2397 But whylom colde and whilom hate Nowe reed as Rose / nowe yelowe and 2399 fade

Suche sorowe I trowe thou neuer hade Cotidien / ne quarteyne

It is nat so ful of peyne For often tymes it shal fal In loue / among thy paynes al 2404 That thou thy selfe al holy Forgeten shalte so vtterly That many tymes thou shalte be Styl as an ymage of tree 2408 Domme as a stone / without sterying Of fote or honde / without spekyng

Than soone after al thy payne To memorye shalte thou come agayne A man abasshed wonder sore And after syghen more and more For wytte thou wele withouten wene In suche a tate ful ofte haue bene 2416 That have the yuel of love assayde Wherthrough thou arte so dismayde. Fter a thought shal take the so

That thy loue is to ferre the fro Thou shalt saye (god) what may this be That Ine maye my lady se ? [1 140 bk., col. 2] Myne herte alone is to her go 2424 And I abyde al sole in wo Departed fro myne owne thought And with myne eyen se right nought

Alas myne eyen sene I ne may My careful hert to conuay 2428 Myne hertes gyde / but they be I prayse nothyng what euer they se Shul they abyde than / nay But gone and visyten without delay 2433 That myne herte desyreth so For certainly / but if they go

A foole my selfe I maye wel holde Whan I ne se what myne herte wolde Wherfore I wol gone her to sene Or eased shal I neuer bene But I have some tokenyng

Than gost thou forthe without dwel-2440 Though thou for love swelte and swete lyng

But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre Er thou mayst come her any nere And wastest in vayne thy passage Than fallest thou in a newe rage For want of syght / thou gynnest murne And homwarde pensyfe thou dost returne In great myschefe than shalte thou be For than agayne shal come to the 2448 Sighes and playntes with newe wo That no itchyng pricketh so Who wote it nought / he maye go lere Of hem that byen loue so dere

No thynge thyne herte appesen maye That ofte thou wolte gone and assaye If thou mayst sene by auenture Thy lyues ioye / thyne hertes cure 2456 So that by grace / if thou myght Attayne of her to haue a syght Than shalte thou done none other dede But with that syght thyne eyen fede That fayre fresshe whan thou mayst se Thyne hert shal so rauysshed be That neuer thou woldest thy thankes lete Ne remoue / for to se that swete The more thou seest in sothfastnesse The more thou couytest of that swetnesse ¹The more thyn herte brenneth in fyre The more thyn herte is in desyre For who consydreth enery dele [1 Fo. C.xii.] It may be lykened wonder wele The payne of loue vnto a fere For euermore thou neyghest nere 2472 Thought / or who so that it be For very sothe I tel it the The hotter euer shal thou brenne As experyence shal the kenne 2476 Where so comest in any coste Who is next fyre he brenneth moste

And yet forsothe for al thyn hete

Ne for no thyng thou felen may 2481
Thou shalt not wyllen to passe away
And though thou go / yet muste the nede
Thynke al day on her fayre hede
Whom thou behelde with so good wyll
And holde thy selfe begyled yll 2486
That thou ne haddest none hardyment
To shewe her aught of thyn entent
Thyn herte ful sore thou wolte dispyse
And eke repreue of cowardyse 2490
That thou so dull in euery thyng
Were domme for drede / without spekyng
Thou shalt eke thynke thou dyddest
folve 2493

That thou were her so faste bye
And durste not auntre the to say
Some thyng / er thou came away 2496
For thou haddest no more wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne
But yet she wolde for thy sake
In armes goodly the haue take 2500
I shulde haue be more worthe to the
Than of tresour great plente

Thus shalt thow morne and eke complayne

And get encheson to gon agayne 2504 Vnto thy walke / or to thy place Where thou behelde her flesshly face And neuer for false suspection Thou woldest fynde occasyon 2508For to gone vnto her house So arte thou than desyrouse A syght of her for to haue If thou thyn honour myghtest saue Or any erande mightest make 2513 Thyder / for thy loues sake. ¹Ful fayne thou woldest / but for drede Thou goest not / leest that men take hede Wherfore I rede in thy goynge 2517 And also in thyn agayne commynge ROMAUNT.

Thou be wel ware that men ne wyt Feyne the other cause than it 2520 To go that waye / or faste bye To heale wel is no folve And yf so be it happe the That thou thy loue there mayste se In syker wyse thou her salewe Wherwith thy coloure wol transmewe And eke thy bloode shal al to quake Thy hewe eke chaungen for her sake But worde and wytte / with chere ful pale Shul wante for to tel thy tale And if thou mayste so ferforthe wynne That thou reson durste begynne And woldest sayne thre thynges or mo Thou shalte ful scarsly sayne the two Though thou betlynke the neuer so wele Thou shalt foryete yet somdele. 2536

To Vt if thou deale with trecherye For false louers mowe al folye Sayne what hem luste withouten drede They be so double in her falshede 2540 For they in herte can thynke o thynge And sayne another in her spekynge And whan thy speche is ended all Right thus to the it shal befall 2544 If any worde than come to mynde That thou to saye haste lefte behynde. Than thou shalt brenne in great martyre For thou shalt brenne as any fyre This is the stryfe and eke the affraye And the batell that lasteth aye This bargayne ende may neuer take But if that she thy peace wyl make

And whan the nyght is comen anon A thousande angres shal come vpon To bedde as fast thou wolte the dyght Where thou shalt haue but smal delyght For whan thou wenest for to slepe 2557

So ful of payne shalt thou crepe. 2558 Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde And turne ful ofte on euery syde Nowe downwarde groff / & nowe vp-[1 Fo. C.xli, back] 2561 ¹And walowe in wo the longe nyght Thyn armes shalt thou sprede a brede As man in werre were forwerede Than shal the come a remembraunce Of her shappe and her semblaunce 2566 Wherto none other may be pere And wete thou wel without were That the shal se somtyme that nyght That thou haste her / that is so bright Naked bytwene thyn armes there 2571 Al sothfastnesse as though it were Thou shalte make castels than in Spayne And dreme of ioy / al but it vayne [*0] And the delyten of right nought Whyle thou so slombrest in that thought That is so swete and delytable The whiche in sothe nys but a fable For it ne shal no whyle laste 2579 Than shalte thou syghe and wepe faste And say dere god / what thyng is this My dreme is turned al amys Whiche was ful swete and apparent But nowe I wake it is al shent 2584 Nowe yede this mery thought away Twenty tymes vpon a day I wolde this thought wolde come agayne For it alegeth wel my payne It maketh me ful of joyfull thought It sleeth me that it lasteth nought Ah lorde / why nyl ye me socoure? The ioye I trowe that I langoure The dethe I wolde me shulde slo Whyle I lye in her armes two Myn harme is harde withouten wene My great vnease ful ofte I mene.

To Vt wolde Loue do so I might Haue fully ioye of her so bright My payne were quytte me rychely Alas to great a thyng aske I It is but foly / and wronge wenyng To aske so outragyous a thyng And who so asketh folily He mote be warned hastely 2604 And I ne wote what I may say I am so ferre out of the way For I wolde haue ful great lykyng And ful great ioy of lasse thyng 2608 For wolde she of her gentylnesse [141 bk., col. 2] Withouten more / me ones kesse It were to me a great guerdon Relece of al my passyon 2612 But it is harde to come therto Al is but foly that I do So hygh I haue myn herte sette Where I may no comforte gette 2616 I wote not where I say wel or nought But this I wote wel in my thought That it were better of her alone For to stynte my wo and mone 2620 A loke on her I caste goodly That for to haue al vtterly Of an other al hole the play Ah lorde where I shal byde the day That euer she shal my lady be 2625 He is ful cured / that may her se A god / whan shal the dawnyng spring? To lyggen thus is an angry thyng 2628 I have no joy thus here to lye Whan that my loue is not me bye A man to lyen hath great disese Whiche may not slepe / ne rest in ese I wolde it dawed / and were nowe day And that the nyght were went away For were it day / I wolde vp ryse 2635 2596 Ah slowe sonne / shewe thyn enprise

Spede the to sprede thy beemes bright And chace the derknesse of the nyght To put away the stoundes stronge Whiche in me lasten al to longe 264

The nyght shalt thou contynue so Without rest / in payne and wo If euer thou knewe of loue distresse Thou shal mowe lerne in that sicknesse And thus enduryng shalt thou lye And ryse on morowe vp erly 2646 Out of thy bedde / and harneys the Er euer dawnyng thou mayst se Al priuely than shalt thou gone What whyder it be thy selfe alone For reyne / or hayle / for snowe / for slete Thyder she dwelleth / that is so swete The whiche may fall a slepe be And thynketh but lytel vpon the 2654 Than shalt thou go / ful foule aferde Loke if the gate be vnsperde [1 Fo. C.xiii.] ¹And wayte without in wo and payne Ful yuel a colde in wynde and rayne Than shalt thou go the dore before If thou mayst fynde any shore 2660 Or hole / or refte / what euer it were Than shalt thou stoupe / and lay to eere If they within a slepe be I mene al saue thy lady free 2664 Whom wakyng if thou mayst aspye Go put thyself in iupardye To aske grace / and the bymene · That she may wete without wene 2668 That thou nyght no rest haste had So sore for her thou were bestad

Women wel ought pyte to take
Of hem that sorowen for her sake 2672
And loke for loue of that relyke
That thou thynke none other lyke
For whan thou haste so great annoy
Shal kysse the er thou go awey 2676

And holde that in ful great deynte And for that no man shal the se Before the house / ne in the way Loke thou begon agayne er day 2680Suche commyng / and suche goyng Suche heuynesse / and suche walkyng Maketh louers withouten any wene Vnder her clothes pale and lene 2684 For Loue leueth colour ne cleernesse Who loueth trewe bath no fatnesse Thou shalte wel by thy selfe se That thou must nedes assayed be 2688 For men that shape hem other way Falsely her ladyes for to betray It is no wonder though they be fatte With false othes her loues they gatte For ofte I se suche losengeours 2693 Fatter than Abottes or priours

Yet with o thynge I the charge
That is to saye / that thou be large
Vnto the mayde / that her dothe serue
So best her thanke thou shalt deserue
Yeue her yeftes / and get her grace
For so thou may thanke purchace 2700
That she the worthy holde and fre
Thy lady / and al that may the se
Also her seruauntes worshyp aye
And please as moche as thou may 2704
Great good through hem may come to
the

Bycause with her they ben priue
They shal her tel howe they the fande
Curtesys and wyse / and wel doande
And she shal preyse wel the more 2709
Loke out of londe thou be not fore
And if suche cause thou haue / that the
Behoueth to gone out of countre
Leaue hole thyn herte in hostage 2713
Tyl thou agayne make thy passage
Thynke longe to se the swete thyng

That hath thyn herte in her kepyng
Nowe haue I tolde the / in what wise
A louer shal do me seruyce
Do it than / if thou wolte haue
The mede / that thou after craue. 2720

Han Loue al this had boden me
I sayd him / sir howe may it be
That louers may in suche manere
Endure the payn ye haue said
here 2724

I meruayle me wonder faste

Howe any man may lyue or laste
In suche payne / and suche brennyng
In sorowe and thought / and suche
sighyng 2728

Aye vnrelesed wo to make
Whether so it be they slepe or wake
In suche anoy contynuelly
As helpe me god this meruayle I 2732
Howe man / but he were made of stele
Might lyue a monthe / suche paynes to
fele.

The God of love than sayd me 2735
Frende / by the faythe I owe to the
May no man have good / but he it bye
A man loveth more tenderlye
The thyng / that he hath bought most
dere

for wete thou wel without were 2740
In thanke that thynge is taken more
For whiche a man hath suffred sore
Certes no wo ne may attayne
Vnto the sore of loues payne 2744
None yuel therto ne may amounte
No more than a man counte
The droppes that of the water be
For drie as wel the great see 2748
Thou myghtest / as the harmes tell

Of hem that with Loue dwell [1 1f. 142, bk.] ¹In seruyce / for peyne hem sleeth 2751 And that eche man wolde flye the dethe And trowe they shulde neuer escape Nere that hoope couth hem make Gladde as man in prison sete And maye nat getten for to ete 2756 But barlye breed / and water pure And lyeth in vermyn and in ordure With al this yet canne he lyue Good hope suche comforte hath hym 2760 Whiche maketh wene that he shal be Delyuered and come to lyberte In fortune is ful trust Though he lye in strawe or dust 2764 In hoope is al his sustaynyng And so for louers in her wenyng Whiche loue hath shytte in his prisoun Good hope in her saluatioun 2768 Good hope (howe sore that they smerte) Yeueth hem bothe wyl and herte To profer her body to martyre For Hope so sore dothe hem desyre 2772 To suffre eche harm that men deuyse For ioye that afterwarde shal aryse.

H Ope in desyre catche victorie 2775
In hoope of loue is al the glorie
For hoope is al that loue maye yeue
Nere hoope / there shulde no lenger
lyue

Blessed be hoope / whiche with desyre
Auaunceth louers in suche manyre 2780
Good hope is curteyse for to please
To kepe louers from al disease
Hoope kepeth his londe / and wol abyde
For any peryll that maye betyde 2784
For hoope to louers / as most chefe
Dothe hem endure al myschefe

Hoope is her helpe whan myster is
And I shal yeue the eke ywis 2788
Thre other thynges / that great solace
Dothe to hem that be in my lace

The first good that maye be founde
To hem that in my lace be bounde 2792
Is Swete thought / for to recorde
Thyng wherwith thou canst accorde
Best in thyne herte / where she be 2795
Thynkyng in absence is good to the
Whan any louer dothe complayne

1 And lyueth in distresse / and in payne
Than Swete thought shal come as blyue
Awaye his angre for to dryue 2800
It maketh louers to haue remembraunce
Of comforte / and of highe plesaunce
That Hoope hath hight hym for to
wynne [1 leaf 142, back, col. 2]

For thought anone than shal begynne
As ferre god wotte / as he can fynde
To make a myrrour of his mynde
For to beholde he wol nat lette 2807
Her persone he shal afore hym sette
Her laughyng eyen persaunt and clere
Her shappe / her forme / her goodly chere
Her mouthe / that is so gratious
So swete / and eke so sauerous 2812
Of al her feyters he shal take hede
His eyen with al her lymmes fede.

Thus Swete thynkyng shal aswage
The payne of louers / and her rage 2816
Thy ioye shal double without gesse
Whan thou thynkest on her semelynesse
Or of her laughyng / or of her chere
That to the made thy lady dere 2820
This comforte wol I that thou take
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake
Whiche is nat lesse sauerous 2823
Thou shuldest nat ben to daungerous.

He seconde shal be Swete speche That hath to many one be leche To bringe hem out of wo and were And helpe many a bachelere 2828 And many a lady sent socour That have loued paramour Through spekyng / whan they might here Of her louers to hem so dere 2832 To me it voydeth al her smerte The whiche is closed in her herte In herte in maketh hem glad and lyght Speche whan they move haue syght And therfore nowe it cometh to mynde In olde dawes as I fynde That clerkes writen that her knewe There was a lady fresshe of hewe 2840 Whiche of her loue made a songe On him for to remembre amonge In whiche she sayd / whan that I here Speken of him that is so dere 2844To me it voydeth al smerte [Fo. C.xhii.] Iwys he sytteth so nere myn herte To speke of him at eue or morowe It cureth me of al my sorowe 2848 To me is none so hygh plesaunce As of his person dalyaunce She wyste ful wel that Swete spekyng Comforteth in ful moche thyng 2852 Her loue she had ful wel assayde Of him she was ful wel apayde To speke of him her ioye was set Therfore I rede the that thou get 2856 A felowe that can wel concele And kepe thy counsayle / and wel hele To whom go shewe holly thyn herte Bothe wel and wo / ioye and smerte To gette comforte to him thou go 2861 And priuely bytwene you two Ye shal speke of that goodly thyng That hath thyn herte in her kepyng

Of her beaute and her semblaunce 2865 And of her goodly countenaunce Of al thy state / thou shalt him say And aske him counsayle howe thou may Do any thyng that may her plese 2869 For it to the shal do great ese That he may wete thou truste him so Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo And if his herte to loue be sette His companye is moche the bette For reson wol he shewe to the Al vtterly his priuyte 2876 And what she is he loueth so To the playnly he shal vndo Without drede of any shame 2879 Bothe tel her renome and her name Than shal he forther ferre and nere And namely to thy lady dere In syker wyse / ye euery other Shal helpen as his owne brother 2884 In trouthe without doublenesse And kepen close in sykernesse For it is noble thyng in fay To have a man thou darste say 2888 Thy priue counsayle euery dele For that wol comforte the right wele And thou shalt holde the wel apayed Whan suche a frende thou haste assayed.

That yeueth to louers moste disporte
That yeueth to louers moste disporte
[1 leaf 143, col. 2]
Cometh of syght and beholdyng
That cleped is Swete lokyng 2896
The whiche may none ese do
Whan thou arte ferre thy lady fro
Wherfore thou prese alway to be 2899
In place / where thou mayst her se
For it is thyng moste amerous
Moste delytable and fauerous

For to aswage a mannes sorowe To sene his lady by the morowe 2904 For it is a ful noble thyng Whan thyn eyen haue metyng With that relyke precious Wherof they be so desyrous 2908 But al day after sothe it is They have no drede to faren a mys They dreden neyther wynde ne rayne Ne non other maner payne 2912 For whan thyn even were thus in blysse Yet of her curtesye ywysse Alone they can not have her joye But to the herte they conuove 2916 Parte of her blysse to him thou sende Of al this harme to make an ende The eye is a good messangere 2919 Whiche can to the herte in suche manere Tydynges sende / that hath sene To voyde him of his paynes clene Wherof the herte reioyseth so That a great partye of his wo 2924 Is voyded / and put away to flyght Right as the derknesse of the nyght Is chased with clerenesse of the moone Right so is al his wo ful soone Deuoyded clene / whan that the syght Beholden may that fresshe wight That the herte desyreth so That al his derknesse is ago 2932 For than the herte is al at ese Whan they sene that may hem plese Nowe have I declared the al out

Of that thou were in drede and doute For I have tolde the faythfully

Faythful / and ful of stabylite [1 1f. 143, bk.]

Good hope alwaye kepe by thy syde

And swete thought make eke abyde

2939

What the may curen vtterly And al louers that wol be Swete Lokynge and swete Speche
Of al thyne harmes they shal be leche
Of euery thou shalte haue great plesaunce
If thou canst byde in sufferaunce 2946
And serue wel without fayntise
Thou shalte be quyte of thyne emprise
With more guerdoun / if that thou lyue
But al this tyme this I the yeue. 2950

He god of Loue whan al the day Had tauzt me / as ye haue herd say And enformed compendously 2953 He vanysshed awaye al sodainly And I alone lefte al soole So ful of complaynt and of doole 2956 For I sawe no man there me by My woundes me greued wondersly Me for to curen nothyng I knewe Saue the bothom bright of hewe 2960 Wheron was sette hooly my thought Of other comforte knewe I nought But it were through the god of Loue I knewe nat ele to my behoue 2964 That myght me ease or conforte gete But if he wolde hym entermete

The roser was withouten dout Closed with an hedge without 2968 As ye to forne haue herde me sayne And fast I besyed and wolde fayne Haue passed the haye / if I myght Haue getten in by any sleyght 2972 Vnto the bothom so fayre to se But euer I dradde blamed to be If men wolde haue suspectioun That I wolde of ententioun 2976 Haue stole the Roses / that there were Therfore to entre I was in fere But at the laste / as I bethought Wheder I shulde passe or nought 2980 I sawe come with a gladde chere

To me / a lusty bachelere Of good stature and of good height And Bialacoil forsoth he height 2984 Sonne he was to Curtesy And he me graunted ful gladly The passage of the vtter hay 2987 ¹And sayd / sir: howe that ye may Passe / if your wyl be [1 1f. 143, bk., col. 2] The fresshe Roser for to se And ye the swete sauour fele Your warrans may right wele 2992 So thou the kepe fro folye Shal no man do the vylanye If I may helpe you in ought I shal not fayne / dredeth nought 2996 For I am bounde to your seruyse Fully deuoyde of feyntyse Than vnto Bialacoyl sayd I I thanke you sir ful hertely -3000And your beheste take at gre That ye so goodly profer me To you it cometh of great fraunchyse That ye me profer your seruyse 3004 Than after ful delyuerly

Than after ful delyuerly
Through the breres anon went I
Wherof encombred was the haye 3007
I was wel plesed / the sothe to saye
To se the bothom / fayre and swote
So fresshe spronge out of the rote.

A Nd Bialacoyle me serued wele
Whan I so nyghe me might fele
Of the bothom the swete odour 3013
And so lusty hewed of colour
But than a chorle / foule him betyde
Besyde the roses gan him hyde
To kepe the roses of that Rosere 3017
Of whom the name was Daungere
The chorle way hyd there in the greues
Couered with grasse and with leues

To spye and take whom that he fonde Vnto that Roser put an honde

He was not soole / for there was mo
For with him were other two 3024
Of wicked maners / and yuel fame
That one was cleped by his name
Wicked tonge / god yeue him sorowe
For neyther at eue ne at morowe 3028
He can of no man good speke
Of many a iuste man dothe he wreke

There was a woman eke that hyght Shame / that who can reken ryght Trespace was her fathers name Her mother Reson / and thus was shame Brought of these ylke two [Fo. C.xliiii.] And yet had Trespasse neuer ado 3036 With Reason / ne neuer ley her by He was so hydous and so vgly I meane this / that Trespasse hight But Reason conceyueth of a sight 3040 Shame of that I spake aforne And whan that Shame was thus borne It was ordayned / that Chastite Shulde of the Roser lady be 3044 Whiche of the bothoms more and las With sondrie folke assayled was That she ne wyste what to do For Venus her assayleth so 3048 That nyght and day from her she stal Bothoms and Roses ouer al To Reason than prayeth Chastyte 3051 Whom Venus hath flemed ouer the see That she her doughter wolde her lene To kepe the Roser fresshe and grene

Anone Reason to Chastyte 3055
Is fully assented / that it be
And graunted her / at her request
That Shame / bycause she is honest
Shal keper of the Roser be 3059
And thus to kepe it / there were thre

That none shulde hardy be ne bolde (Were he yonge or were he olde) Agayne her wyl awaye to bere 3063 Bothoms ne roses / that there were I hadde wel spedde / had I nat bene Awayted with these thre and sene For Bialacoil / that was so fayre So gratious and debonavre 3068 Quytte hym to me ful curtesly And me to please badde that I Shulde drawe me to the bothom nere Prese in to touche the rosere Whiche bare the roses / he yafe me leue This graunt ne myght but lytel greue And for he sawe it lyked me Right nygh the bothom pulled he A leafe al grene / and yaue me that The whiche ful nyghe the bothom sat I made of that leafe ful queynt And whan I felte I was aqueynt 3080 With Bialocoil / and so pryue I wende all at my wyl hadde be Than wext I hardy for to tel [1f. 144, col. 2] To Bialocoil howe me befel 3084 Of Loue / that toke and wounded me And sayd / Sir so mote I the I maye no ioye haue in no wyse Vpon no syde / but it ryse 3088 For sithe (if I shal nat feyne) In herte I haue had so great peyne So great anoye and suche affraye That I ne wotte what I shal saye 3092 I drede your wrathe to deserue Leuer me were / that knyues kerue My body shulde in peces smal Than in any wyse it shulde fal 3096 That ye wrathed shulde ben with me Saye boldely thy wyl (quod he)

Saye boldely thy wyl (quod he)
I nyl be wrothe if that I maye 3099
For nought that thou shalte to me saye.

Han sayd I sir / not you displease To knowen of my great vnese In whiche only Loue hath me brought For paynes great / disese / and thought Fro day to day he dothe me drie Supposeth not sir / that I lye In me fyue woundes dyd he make The sore of whiche shal neuer slake But ye the bothom graunt me Whiche is moste passaunt of beaute My lyfe / my dethe / and my martyre And tresour / that I most desyre

Than Bialacoil affrayde all 3113 Sayd sir / it may not fall That ye desyre it may not aryse What wolde ye shende me in this wyse? A mokel foole than I were 3117 If I suffred you away to bere The fresshe bothom / so fayre of syght For it were neyther skyll ne right 3120 Of the Roser ye broke the rynde. Or take the Rose aforne his kynde Ye are not curteys to aske it Let it stylle on the Roser syt And lette it growe tyl it amended be. And parfetly come to beaute I nolde not that it pulled were Fro the Roser that it bere 3128 To me it is so lefe and dere [1 leaf 144, back] ¹With that anone sterte out Daungere Out of the place where he was hydde His malyce in his chere was kydde Ful great he was and blacke of hewe Sturdy and hydous / who so him knewe Lyke sharpe vrchons his heer was growe His eyes reed sparclyng as the fyre glowe His nose frounced ful kyrked stode He come cryande as he were woode And sayd / Bialocoyl tel me why Thou bringest hyder so boldely 3140 Ne no man / and sothe it is [1 144 bk., col. 2]

Him that so nyghe the Rosere Thou worchest in a wronge manere He thynketh to dishonour the Thou arte wel worthy to haue maugre To lette liym of the rosere wytte 3145 Who serueth a felonne is yuel quytte

Thou woldest have done great bounte And he with shame wolde quyte the Flye hence felowe / I rede the go It wanteth lytel he wol the slo 3150 For Bialocoyl ne knewe the nought Whan the to serue he sette his thought For thou wolte shame him / if thou myght 3153Bothe agayne reason and right I wol no more in the affye

That comest so slyghly for tespy For it proueth wonder wele 3157 Thy sleight and trayson euery dele

I durst no more make there abode For the chorle / he was so wode So ganne he thrette and manace And through the have he dyd me chace For feare of him I trymbled and quoke So chorlisshly his heed he shoke And sayd / if efte he myght me take I shulde nat from his hondes scape Then Bialacoil is fledde and mate 3167 And I al soole disconsolate Was lefte alone in payne and thought For shame to dethe I was nygh brought Than thought I on my highe foly 3171 Howe that my body vtterly Was yeue to payne and to martyre And therto hadde I so great yre That I ne durst the hayes passe There was no hoope / there was no grace I trowe neuer man wyste of payne ¹But he were laced in loues chayne

But if he loue / what anger is 3180

Loue holdeth his heest to me right

wele

Whan payne (he sayd) I shulde fele
No herte maye thynke / ne tonge sayne
A quarter of my wo and payne
I myght nat with the angre last 3185
Myne herte in poynt was for to brast
Whan I thought on the rose / that so
Was through Daunger caste me fro
A longe whyle stoode I in that state
Tyl that me sawe so madde and mate
The lady of the highe warde
Whiche from her towre loked thiderwarde.
3192

Reason men clepe that lady Whiche from her toure delyuerly Come downe to me without more 3195 But she was neyther yonge ne hore Ne hygh ne lowe / ne fatte ne lene But best / as it were in a mene Her eyen two were clere and lyght As any candell / that brenneth bright And on her heed she had a crowne Her semed wel an hygh person 3202 For rounde enuyron her crownet Was ful of ryche stones fret Her goodly semblant by deuyse I trowe was made in paradyse 3206 For nature had neuer suche a grace To forge a werke of suche compace For certeyne / but if the letter lye God him selfe / that is so hye 3210 Made her after his ymage And yafe her sythe such auauntage That she hath might and seignorie To kepe men from al folve 3214 Who so wol trowe her lore Ne may offenden neuermore.

And whyle I stode this derke and pale Reson began to me her tale She sayde / Alhayle my swete frende Foly and childhode wol the shende Whiche the haue put in great affray Thou haste bought dere the tyme of May That made thyn herte mery to be 3223 In yuel tyme thou wentest to se [Fo. C.xlv.] The gardyn / wherof ydelnesse Bare the keye and was maistresse Whan thou yedest in the daunce With her and had aqueyntaunce Her aqueyntaunce is peryllous First softe / and after noyous She hath trasshed without wene 3231 The god of Loue hadde the nat sene Ne had Idelnesse the conueyde In the verger / where Myrthe him pleyde If folly have supprised the Do so that it recouered be 3236 And be wel ware to take no more Counsayle / that greueth after sore He is wyse / that wol hym selfe chastyse

And though a yonge man in any wyse Trespasse amonge / and do folly 3241 Lette hym nat tary / but hastely Lette hym amende what so be mys And eke I counsayle the ywis The god of Loue holly foryete 32**45** That hath the in such payne sette And the in herte tourmented so I can not sene howe thou maist go Other wayes to garysoun 3249 For Daunger / that is so feloun Felly purposeth the to werrey Whiche is ful cruel the sothe to sey.

A Nd yet of Dangere cometh no blame In rewarde of my doughter Shame Whiche hath the Roses in her warde As she that maye be no musarde 3256
And wicked tonge is with these two
That suffreth no man thyder go
For er a thynge be do he shal
Where that he cometh ouer al 3260
In fourty places / if it be sought
Say thyng that neuer was don ne
Wrought

So moche trayson is in his male 3264 Of falsnesse for to sayne a tale Thou delest with angry folke ywis Wherfore to the better is From these folke awaye to fare 3267 For they wol make the lyue in care This is the yuel that love they cal Wherin there is but foly al For loue is folly every dell [145, col. 2] 3271 Who loueth / in no wyse maye do wel Ne sette his thought on no good werke His schole he leseth / if he be a clerke Or other crafte eke / if that he be He shal nat thryue therin / for he 3276 In love shal have more passyoun Than Monke / hermyte / or chanoun This payne is herde out of measure The ioye maye eke no whyle endure And in the possessyoun 3281 Is moche trybulatioun The ioye it is so shorte lastynge And but in happe is the gettyng For I se there many in trauayle 3285 That at laste foule fayle I was nothyng thy counsayler Whan thou were made the homager 3289 Of god of Loue to hastely There was no wysdom but foly Thyn herte was ioly / but not sage Whan thou were brought in suche a rage To yelde the so redily 3293 And to Loue of his great maystry.

That maketh the retche not of thy lyue

The foly more fro day to day 3297

Shal growe / but thou it put away

Take with thy tethe the bridel faste

To daunte thyn herte / and eke the caste

If that thou mayst to get the defence

For to redresse thy first offence 3302

Who so his herte alway wol leue

Shal fynde amonge that shal him greue.

Whan I her herde thus me chastyse

I answerde in ful angry wyse 3306 I prayde her cesse of her speche Eyther to chastyse me or teche To bydde me my thought refreyne Whiche Loue hath caught in his 3310 demeyne What wene ye Loue wol consente (That me assayleth with bowe bente) To drawe myn herte out of his honde Which is so quickly in his bonde That ye counsayle may neuer be 3315 For whan he first arested me ¹He toke myn herte so sore hym tyll That it is nothyng at my wyll [1 145, bk.] He thought it so him for to obey That he it sparred with a key 3320 I pray you let me be al styll For ye may wel / if that ye wyll Your wordes waste in ydelnesse For vtterly / withouten gesse Al that ye sayne is but in vayne 3325 Me were leuer dye in the payne Than Loue to mewarde shulde arette Falshede or treson on me sette I wel me get pris or blame And loue trewe to saue my name 3330 Who that me chastyseth / I him hate

With that worde Reson went her gate
Whan she sawe for no sermonyng
She myght me fro my foly bring
Than dismayed I lefte al soole
Forwery / for wandred as a foole
For I ne knewe no cherysaunce
Than fel in to my remembraunce
Howe Loue bade me to puruey
A felowe / to whom I might sey
My counsell and my priuyte
For that shulde moche auayle me
With that bethought I me / that I

With that bethought I me / that I Had a felowe fast by 3344 Trewe and syker / curteys / and hende And he was called by name a frende A trewer felowe was no where non 3348 In haste to him I went anon And to him al my wo I tolde Fro him right nought I wolde withholde I tolde him al without were And made my compleynt on Daungere Howe for to se he was hydous 3353 And to mewarde contraryous The whiche through his cruelte Was in poynte to haue meymed me With Bialacoil whan he me sey Within the gardyn walke and pley Fro me he made him for to go And I belefte alone in wo 3360 I durste no lenger with him speke For Daunger sayd he wolde be wreke Whan that he sawe howe I wente The fresshe bothom for to hente 3364 If I were hardy to come nere [145 bk., col. 2] Bytwene the hay and the Rosere.

This frende whan he wyst of my thought

He discomforted me right nought 3368

But sayd felowe / be not so madde

Ne so abasshed nor bestadde My selfe I knowe ful wel Daungere And howe he is fiers of chere 3372 At prime temps / loue to manace Ful ofte I have ben in his case A felon first though that he be After thou shalt him souple se 3376 Of longe passed I knewe him wele Vngoodly first though men him fele He wol meke after in his bearynge Ben / for seruyce and obeyssynge 3380 I shal the tel what thou shalt do Mekely I rede thou go him to Of herte pray him specially Of thy trespace to haue mercy 3384 And hote him wel here to plese That thou shalte neuer more him displese Who can best serue of flatery Shal plese Daunger moste vtterly. 3388

My frende hath sayd to me so wele
That he me eased hath somdele
And eke alegged of my turment
For through him had I hardement 3392
Agayne to Daungere for to go
To preue if I might meke him so.

The whiche aforne me had blamed
Desyring for to pese my wo 3397
But ouer hedge durste I not go
For he forbode me the passage
I founde him cruel in his rage
And in his honde a great burdown
To him I kneled lowe adown 3402
Ful meke of porte / and symple of chere
And sayd sir / I am comen here
Onely to aske of you mercy
That greueth me ful greatly 3406
That euer my lyfe I wrathed you

But for to amenden I am come now With al my might / bothe loude and styll To done right at your owne wyl [Fo. C.xlvi.] For Loue made me for to do That I have trespassed hiderto 3412 Fro whom I ne maye withdrawe myne hert Yet shal I neuer for ioye ne smert (What so befal good or il) Offende more agayne your wyl Leuer I haue endure disease

Than do that shulde you displease.

You requyre / and praye that ye Of me haue mercy and pyte To stynt your yre / that greueth so That I wol swere for euer mo To be redressed at your lykyng Yf I trespasse in any thyng 3424 Saue that (I praye the) graunt me A thynge / that maye nat warned be That I maye loue al onely None other thyng of you aske I 3428 I shal done al wel ywis Yf of your grace ye graunt me this And ye maye nat letten me For wel wote ye / that loue is free 3432 And I shal louen suche that I wyl Who euer lyke it wel or yl And yet ne wolde I for al Fraunce Do thynge to do you displesaunce. 3436

Than Daungere fyl in his entent For to foryeue his male talent But al his wrathe yet at last He hath released / I prayde so fast 3440 Shortely (he sayd) thy request Is nat to mokel dishonest Ne I wol nat werne it the For yet nothynge engreueth me

For though thou loue thus euermore To me is neither softe ne sore Lone where that the lyst / what retcheth 3447 So ferre fro my Roses be Trust nat on me for none assaye In any tyme to passe the have 3450 Thus hath he graunted my prayere Than went I forthe withouten were 3416 Vnto my frende / and tolde hym al Whiche was right ioyful of my tale (He sayd) nowe gothe wel thyne affayre He shal to the be debonayre [leaf 146, col. 2] Though he aforne was dispitous He shal herafter be gratious If he were touched on some good veyne He shulde yet rewen on thy peyne 3460 Suffre I rede / and no boost make Tyl thou at good mes mayst him take By sufferaunce / and wordes softe A man maye ouercome ofte 3464 Him / that aforne he had in drede In bokes sothely as I rede Thus hath my frende with great comforte Auaunced me with high disporte 3468 Whiche wolde me good / as moche as I And than anone ful sodainly I toke my leaue / and streight I went Vnto the have for great talent 3472 I hadde to sene the fresshe bothom Wherin laye my saluatioun And Daungere toke kepe / if that I

Kepe him couenaunt trewly 3476 So sore I dradde his manasyng I durst nat breke his byddyng For lest that I were of him shent I brake nat his commaundement 3480 For to purchase his good wyl 3444 It was for to come there tyl

His mercy was to ferre behynde I kepte / for I ne myght it fynde 3484 I complayned and sighed sore And languysshed euermore For I durste nat ouer go Vnto the Rose I loued so 3488 Throughout my demyng vtterly That he had knowlege certainly Than Loue me ladde in suche a wyse That in me there was no feyntise 3492 Falsheed / ne no trechery And yet he ful of villany Of disdayne / and cruelte On me ne wolde haue pyte 3496 His cruel wyl for to refrayne Tho I wepte alwaye / and me complayne A Nd while I was in this tourment

And while I was in this tourment
Were come of grace / by god sent
Fraunchise / and with her Pyte 3501
Fulfylde the Bothom of bounte [1 146 bk.]
They go to Daungere anon ryght
¹To forther me with al her myght 3504
And helpe in worde and in dede
For wel they sawe that it was nede

First of her grace dame Fraunchise Hath taken of this emprise 3508 She sayd / Daungere great wronge ve do To worche this man so moche wo Or pynen him so angerly It is to you great villany 3512 I can nat se / why ne how That he hath trespassed agayne you Saue that he loueth / wherfore ye shulde The more in cherete of him holde 3516 The force of loue maketh hym do this Who wolde him blame he dyd amys He lefeth more than ye maye do His payne is harde / ye maye se lo 3520 And Loue in no wyse wolde consent That ye have power to repent

For though that quicke ye wolde him slo Fro loue his herte may nat go 3524

Nowe swete sir / it is your ease Him for to angre or disease Alas / what maye it you auaunce To done to him so great greuaunce 3528 What worshippe is it agayne him take Or on your man a werre make Sithe he so lowly euery wyse Is redy / as ye luste deuyse. 3532 If Loue have caught him in his lace You for to bey in enery caas And ben your subjecte at your wyl Shulde ye therfore wyllen him yl 3536 Ye shulde him spare more al out Than him that is bothe proude and stout Curtesy wol that ye socure Hem / that ben meke vnder your cure His hert is harde that wol nat meke Whan men of mekenesse him beseke.

His is certayne / sayd Pyte We se ofte that humylyte 3544 Bothe yre / and also felony Venguyssheth / and also melancoly To stonde forthe in suche duresse This cruelte and wickednesse 3548 Wherfore I pray you sir Daungere For to mayntene no lenger here ¹Suche cruel werre agayne your man As holly yours as euer he can [1 146 bk., col. 2] Nor that ye worchen no more wo 3553 Vpon this caytife / that languyssheth so Whiche wol no more to you trespace But put him holly in your grace 3556 His offence ne was but lyte The god of Loue it was to wyte That he your thrall so greatly is 3559 And if ye harme him ye done amys For he hath had ful harde penaunce

Syth that ye refte him thaqueyntaunce Of Bialacoil / his moste ioye Whiche al his paynes might acove 3564 He was before anoyed sore But than ye doubled him wel more For he of blysse hath ben ful bare Sythe Bialacoil was fro hym fare 3568 Loue hath to hym great distresse He hath no nede of more duresse Voydeth from him your yre I rede Ye may not wynnen in this dede 3572 Maketh Bialacoil repayre agayne And haueth pyte vpon his payne For Fraynchyse wol / and I Pyte 3576 That mercyful to him ye be And sythe that she and I accorde Haue vpon him misericorde For I you pray / and eke moneste Nought to refusen our requeste 3580 For he is harde / and fel of thought That for vs two wol do right nought Daunger ne might no more endure He meked him vnto mesure. 3584

I wol in no wyse / sayth Daungere Deny / that ye have asked here It were to great vncurtesye I wol ye have the companye 3588 Of Bialacoil / as ye deuyse I wol him let in no wyse To Bialacoil than went in hye Fraunchise / and sayd ful curteslye Ye have to longe be deignous 3593 Vnto this louer / and daungerous Fro him to withdrawe your presence Whiche hath do to him great offence That ye not wolde vpon him se Wherfore a sorouful man is he [Fo. C.xlvii.] Shape ye to paye him / and to please Of my loue if ye wol haue ease 3600 Fulfyl his wyl / sithe that ye knowe¹ Through helpe of me and of Pyte You dare no more aferde be 3604

I shal do right as ye wyl Saith Bialacoil / for it is skyl Sithe Daungere wol that it so be 3607 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me. [11.3602 'Daunger is daunted & brought lowe' is left out.]

Yalacoil at the begynnyng Salued me in his commyng No straungenesse was in him sene 3611 No more than he ne had wrathed bene As fayre semblaunt than shewed he me And goodly / as aforne dyd he And by the honde without dout Within the have right al about 3616 He ladde me with right good chere Al enuyron the vergere That Daunger hadde me chased fro Nowe haue I leave ouer al to go 3620 Nowe am I raysed at my deuyse Fro hel vnto paradyse Thus Bialacoil of gentylnesse With al his payne and besynesse Hath shewed me onely of grace 3625 The eftres of the swote place

I sawe the Rose whan I was nygh Was greatter woxen / and more high Fresshe / roddy / and fayre of hewe Of colour euer yliche newe 3630 And whan I hadde it longe sene I sawe that through the leues grene The Rose spredde to spaunysshinge To sene it was a goodly thynge But it ne was so sprede on brede 3635 That men within myght knowe the sede For it couert was and close Bothe with the leues and with the rose The stalke was even and grene vpright It was theron a goodly syght 3640

And wel the better without wene For the seed was nat sene Ful fayre it spradde the god of blesse For suche another / as I gesse 3644 ¹ Aforne ne was ne more vermayle I was abawed for marueyle [1 147, col. 2] For euer the fayrer that it was 3647 The more I am bounden in loues laas Longe I abode there so he to save Tyl Bialacoil I ganne to praye Whan that I sawe him in no wyse 3652 To me warnen his seruyee That he me wolde graunt a thynge Whiche to remembre is wel syttynge This is to sayne / that of his grace He wolde me yeue leysar and space 3657 To me that was so desyrous To have a kyssynge precious Of the goodly fresshe Rose That so swetely smelleth in my nose 3661 For if it you displeased nought I wolde gladly / as I have sought Haue a cosse therof freely Of your yefte / for certainly 3664 I wol none haue / but by your leue

Of Chastite I have such drede
Thou shuldest nat warned be for me
But I dare nat for Chastyte 3670
Agayne her dare I nat mysdo
For alwaye byddeth she me so
To yeue no louer leaue to kysse
For who therto maye wynnen ywisse
He of the surplus of the praye 3675
My lyfe in hoope to gette some daye
For who so kyssynge maye attayne
Of loues payne hath (sothe to sayne)
The best and most auenaunt

So lothe me were you for to greue

And ernest of the remenaunt.

3680

F his answere I sighed sore I durst assaye him tho no more I hadde suche drede to greue him aye A man shulde nat to moche assaye 3684 To chafe his frende out of measure Nor putte his lyfe in auenture For no man at the first stroke Ne maye nat fel downe an oke 3688 Nor of the reysyns haue the wyne Tyl grapes be rype and wel a fyne Be sore empressed / I you ensure [147 bk.] And drawen out of the pressure 3692 But I forpeyned wonder stronge Though that I abode right longe After the kysse / in payne and wo Sithe I to kysse desyred so 3696 Tyl that rennynge on my distresse There come Venus the goddesse (Whiche aye werryeth Chastite) Came of her grace to socour me 3700 Whose myght is knowe ferre and wyde For she is mother of Cupyde.

THe god of Loue / blynde as stone That helpeth louers many one This lady brought in her right honde Of brennynge fyre a blasyng bronde Wherof the flame and hote fyre Hath many a lady in desyre 3708 Of Loue brought / and sore hette And in her seruyce her hert is sette This lady was of good entayle Right wonderful of apparayle 3712 By her atyre so bright and shene Men myght perceyue wel and sene She was nat of Relygioun Nor I nyl make mencioun 3716 Nor of robe / nor of tresour

Of broche / neither of her riche attour Ne of gyrdel about her syde For that I nyl nat longe abyde 3720 But knoweth wel / that certainly She was arrayed richely Deuoyde of pride certayne she was To Bialacoil she went a paas 3724 And to hym shortely in a clause She sayd / sir: what is the cause Ye ben of porte so daungerous. Vnto this louer / and daynous 3728 To graunt him nothyng but a kysse To warne it him ye done amysse Sithe wel ye wotte / howe that he Is loues seruaunt / as ye maye se And hath beaute / wherthrough is Worthy of loue to haue the blys Howe he is semely beholde and se Howe he is fayre / howe he is free 3736 Howe he is swote / and debonayre [147 bk., col. 2] Of age yonge / lusty / and fayre There is no lady so hawtayne Duchesse / countesse / ne chastelayne That I nolde holde her vngoodly For to refuce him vtterly

His brethe is also good and swete And eke his lyppes roddy and mete Onely to playne / and to kysse Graunt him a kysse of gentylnesse 3746

His teth arne also white and clene Me thynketh wronge withouten wene If ye nowe warne him / trusteth me To graunt that a kysse haue he The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste And the more tyme shul ye waste 3752

Whan the flame of the very bronde That Venus brought in her right honde Hadde Bialacoil with his hete smete Anone he badde me withouten lete 3756 Graunt to me the rose kysse

ROMAUNT.

Than of my payne I ganne to lysse And to the rose anone went I And kyssed it ful faithfully 3760 There nede no man aske / if I was blythe Whan the sauour softe and lythe Stroke to myne hert without more And me allegged of my sore So was I ful of ioye and blysse. It is favre suche a floure to kysse It was so swote and fauerous I myght nat be so anguysshous 3768 That I mote gladde and ioly be Whan that I remembre me Yet euer amonge sothly to sayne I suffre noye and moche payne. 3772

That with a lytel wynde at wyl
Ouerwhelme and tourne also
As it were woode in wawes go 3776
After the calme the trouble sonne
Mote folowe / and chaunge as the moone
Right so fareth Loue / that selde in one
Holdeth his ancre / for right anone 3780
Whan they in ease wene best to lyue
They ben with tempest al fordryue
Who serueth Loue / canne tel of wo
The stoundmele ioye mote ouergo 3784
Nowe he hurteth / and nowe he cureth
For selde in o poynte loue endureth.

[1 Fo. C.xlviii.]

Nowe is it right me to procede 3787 Howe Shame gan medle and take hede Through whom fel angres I haue hade And howe the stronge wall was made And the castell of brede and length That god of Loue wan with his strength Al this in Romaunce wyll I sette 3793 And for no thyng ne wyll I lette So that it lykyng to her be

That is the flour of beaute 3796
For she may best my labour quyte
That I for her loue shal endyte

Wicked tonge that the couyne Of euery louer can deuyne 3800 Worste / and addeth more somdele (For wicked tonge saythe neuer wele) To mewarde bare he right great hate Espyeng me erly and late 3804 Tyl he hath sene the great chere Of Bialacoil and me yfere He might not his tonge withstonde Worse to reporte than he fonde 3808 He was so ful of cursed rage It satte him wele of his lynage For him an Irisshe woman bare 3811 His tonge was fyled sharpe and square Poignaunt and right keruyng And wonder bytter in spekyng For whan that he me gan espye 3816 He swore (affirmyng sykerly) Bytwene Bialacoil and me Was yuel aquayntaunce and priue He spake therof so folilye That he awaked Ielousye 3820 Whiche al afrayde in his risyng Whan that he herde ianglyng He ran anon as he were wode To Bialacoil there that he stode 3824 Whiche had leuer in this caas Haue ben at Reynes or Amyas For foote hote in his felonye To hym thus sayd Ielousye 3828

Why haste thou ben so neglygent
To kepen / whan I was absent
This verger here left ein thy warde? [80]

To me thou haddest no regarde 3832
To truste (to thy confusyon) [1 16, 148, col. 2]
Him thus / to whom suspection
I haue right great / for it is nede

It is wel shewed by the dede 3836 Great faute in the nowe haue I founde By god anone thou shalte be bounde And faste loken in a toure Without refuyte or socoure. 3840

Or shame to longe liath be the fro Ouer soone she was ago Whan thou hast lost bothe drede & fere It semed wel she was nat here 3844 She was besy in no wyse To kepe the and chastice And for to helpen Chastite 3847 To kepe the Roser / as thynketh me For than this boye knaue so boldly Ne shulde nat haue be hardy In this verge hadde suche game 3851 Whiche nowe me tourneth to great shame.

BIalacoil nyst what to saye
Ful fayne he wolde haue fledde
away
For fear haue hydde / nere that he
Al sodainly toke him with me 3856
And whan I sawe he had so
This Ielousye take vs two
I was astoned / and knewe no rede
But fledde away for very drede. 3860

Than Shame came forthe ful symply
She wende have trespaced ful greatly
Humble of her porte / and made it
symple
Wearyng a vayle in stede of wymple
As nonnes done in her abbey 3865

By cause her herte was in affray
She gan to speke within a throwe
To Ielousye / right wonder lowe 3868

First of his grace she besought
And sayd sir / ne leueth nought
Wicked tonge / that false espye 3871
Whiche is so glad to fayne and lye
He hath you made / through flateryng
On Bialacoil a false leasyng
His falsnesse is not nowe a newe
It is to longe that he him knewe 3876
This is not the first daye [leaf 148, back]
For wicked tonge hath custome aye
Yonge folkes to bewrye
And false lesynges on hem lye. 3880

Yet neuerthelesse I se amonge That the loigne it is so longe Of Bialacoil / hertes to lure In loues seruyce for to endure 3884 Drawyng suche folke him to That he hath nothyng with to do But in sothnesse I trowe nought That Bialacoil had euer in thought 3888 To do trespace or vilanye But for his mother Curtesye Hath taught him euer to be Good of aqueyntaunce and priue 3892 For he loueth none heuvnesse But myrthe and play / and al gladnesse He hateth al trechours Soleyne folke and enuyous 3896 For ye weten howe that he Wol euer glad and ioyful be Honestly with folke to pley I have be neglygent in good fey 3900 To chastyse him / therfore nowe I Of herte I crye you here mercy That I have ben so recheles To tamen hym withouten lees 3904 Of my foly I me repente Nowe wol I hole set myn entente

To kepe bothe lowe and styll

Bialacoil to do your wyll. 3908 Shame Shame (sayd Ielousy) To be bytrasshed great drede haue I Lecherye hath clombe so hye That almoste blered is myn eye 3912 No wonder is / if that drede haue I Ouer al reigneth lechery Whose myght groweth nyght and dey Bothe in cloystre and in abbey 3916 Chastyte is werreyed ouer all Therfore I wol with syker wall Close bothe roses and rosere I have to long in this manere 3920 Lefte hem vnclosed wylfully Wherfore I am right inwardly Sorouful / and repente me [1 If. 148 bk., col. 2] ¹But nowe they shal no lenger be 3924 Vnclosed / and yet I drede sore I shal repent ferthermore For the game gothe al amys Counsayle I must newe iwys 3928 I have to longe trusted the But nowe it shal no lenger be For he may best in euery coste Disceyue / that men trusten moste 3932 I se wel that I am nyghe shent But if I sette my ful entent Remedye to puruey Wherfore close I shal the wey Fro hem that wol the rose espye And come to wayte me vilonye For in good faythe and in trouthe I wol not let for no slouthe 3940 To lyue the more in sykernesse Do make anon a fortresse Than close the roses of good sauour In myddes shal I make a tour 3944 To put Bialacoil in prison For euer I drede me of treson I trowe I shal hym kepe so

That he shal have no might to go 3948
Aboute to make companye
To hem that thynke of vilanye
Ne to no suche as hath ben here 3951
Aforne / and founde in him good chere
Whiche han assayled him to shende
And with her trowandyse to blende
A foole is eyth to begyle
But may I lyue a lytel while 3956
He shal forthynke his fayre semblaunt.
And with that worde came Drede

Whiche was abasshed / and in great fere Whan he wyste Ielousye was there He was for drede in suche affray 3961 That not a worde durste he saye But quakyng stode ful styl alone (Tyl Ielousye his way was gone) 3964 Saue Shame / that him not forsoke Bothe Drede and she ful sore quoke That at laste drede abrayde And to his cosyn Shame sayde 3968

auaunt

Shame (he sayd) in sothfastnesse To me it is great heuynesse That the noyse so ferre is go [Fo. C.xlix.] And the sclaunder of vs two 3972 But sythe that it is befall We may it not agayne call Whan ones spronge is a fame For many a yere withouten blame 3976 We have ben / and many a day For many an Aprill / and many a May We han passed / not shamed Tyl Ielousye hath vs blamed 3980 Of mystrust and suspection Causelesse / without encheson Go we to Daunger hastely And let us shewe hym openly 3984 That he hath not a right wrought

Whan that he set not his thought To kepe better the purprise In his doyng he is not wyse 3988 He hath to vs do great wronge That hath suffred nowe so longe Bialacoil to have his wyll Al his lustes to fulfyll 3992 He muste amende it vtterly Or els shal he vilaynously Exyled be out of this londe 3995 For he the werre may not withstonde Of Ielousye / nor the grefe Sythe Bialacoil is at mischefe.

MO Daunger Shame & Drede anon

4000

The right way ben gon

The chorle they founde hem aforne Lyggyng vnder an hawethorne Vnder his heed no pylowe was But in the stede a trusse of gras 4004 He slombred / and a nappe he toke Tyl Shame pitously him shoke And great manace on him gan make Why slepest thou / whan thou shulde wake 4008 (Quod Shame) thou doest vs vilange Who trusteth the / he dothe folye To kepe roses or bothoms 4011 Whan they ben fayre in her sesons Thou arte woxe to famyliere Where thou shulde be straunge of chere Stoute of thy porte / redy to greue Thou doest great folye for to leue 4016 Bialacoil here inne to call [1 lf. 149, col. 2] ¹The yonder man / to shenden vs all Though that thou slepe / we may here Of Ielousye great noyse here Arte thou nowe late / ryse vp an hye And stoppe sone and delyuerly Al the gappes of the hay

4027

Do no fauour / I the pray 4024

It falleth nothyng to thy name

To make fayre semblaunt / where thou

mayste blame

F Bialacoil be swete and free

Dogged and fel thou shuldest be Forwarde and outragyous iwys A chorle chaungeth that curteys is This haue I herde ofte in saying That man may for no dauntyng 4032 Make a sperhauke of a bosarde Al men wol holde the for musarde That debonayre have founden the 4035 It sytteth the nought curteys to be To do men plesaunce or seruyse In the it is recreaundyse Let thy werkes ferre and nere 4039 Be lyke thy name / whiche is Daungere Than al abawed in shewyng Anon spake Drede / right thus saying And sayd / Daunger I drede me That thou me wolte besy be 4044 To kepe that thou haste to kepe Whan thou shuldest wake / thou art a slepe Thou shalt be greued certainly If the aspye Ielousye 4048 Or if he fynde the in blame He hath to day assayled Shame And chased away / with great manace Bialacoil out of this place 4052 And swereth shortly that he shall Enclose him in a sturdy wall And al is for thy wickydnesse For that the fayleth straungenesse 4056 Thyn herte I trowe be fayled all Thou shalte repent in speciall If Ielousye the sothe knewe 4059 Thou shalte forthynke / and sore rewe.

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake Frownyng his eyen gan to make And hydous chere / as man in rage For yre he brent in his visage [149 bk.] 4064 Whan that he herde him blamed so He said / out of my wytte I go To be discomfyte I have great wronge Certes I have nowe lyued to longe 4068. Sithe I maye nat this closer kepe Al quycke I wolde be doluen depe If any man shal more repayre 4071 In to this gardyn for foule or fayre -Myne herte for yre gothe a fere That I lette any entre here I have do folly nowe I se 4076 But nowe it shal amended be Who setteth fote here any more Truly he shal repent it sore For no man more in to this place Of me to entre shal have grace 4080 Leuer I had with swerdes twayne Throughout myn herte / in euery vayne Perced to be / with many a wounde Than slouthe shulde in me be founde From hensforthe by nyght or day 4085 I shal defende it if I may Withouten any excepcion Of eche maner condycion And if I it any man graunte Holdeth me for recreaunte. 4090

Than Daunger on his fete gan stonde
And hente a burdon in his honde
Wrothe in his ire ne lefte he nought
But through the verger he hath sought
If he myght fynde hole or trace 4095
Where through that me mote forthe by
pace
Or any gappe / he dyd it close

That no man might touche a rose Of the Roser all aboute He shytteth euery man without 4100 Thus day by day Daunger is wers More wonderful and more dyuers And feller eke / than euer he was For hym ful ofte I synge alas 4104 For I ne may nought / through his yre Recouer that I moste desyre Myn herte alas / wol brest a two For Bialacoil I wrathed so 4108 For certaynly in euery membre I quake / whan I me remembre [149 bk., col. 2] Of the bothom / whiche I wolde Ful ofte a day sene and beholde 4112And whan I thynke vpon the kysse And howe muche ioye and blysse I had through the sauour swete For wante of it I grone and grete 4116 Me thynketh I fele yet in my nose The swete sauour of the rose And nowe I wote that I mote go So ferre the fresshe floures fro 4120 To me ful welcome were the dethe Absence therof (alas) me slethe For whylom with this rose / alas 4123 I touched nose / mouthe / and face But nowe the dethe I must abyde But Loue consent another tyde That ones I touche may and kysse I trowe my payne shal neuer lysse 4128 Theron is al my couetyse Whiche brent myn herte in many wyse Nowe shal repayre agayne syghyng Longe watche on nyghtes / and no slepyng 4132 Thought in wysshyng / turment / and wo With many a turnyng to and fro

That halfe my payne I can not tell

For I am fallen in to hell

From paradyse and welthe / the more My turment greueth more / and more Anoyeth nowe the bytternesse 4139 That I toforne haue felte swetnesse And wicked tonge / through his falshede Causeth al my wo and drede On me he leyeth a pytous charge Bycause his tonge was to large. 4144

Nowe it is tyme shortly that I Tell you somthyng of Ielousy That was in great suspection Aboute him lefte he no mason 4148 That stone coulde laye / ne querrour He hyred hem to make a tour And first the roses for to kepe Aboute hem made he a diche depe 4152 Right wonder large / and also brode Vpon the whiche also stode Of squared stone / a sturdy wall Whiche on a cragge was founded all And right great thicknesse eke it bare About it was founded square An hundred fadome on euery syde It was al lyche longe and wyde 4160 Lest any tyme it were assayled Ful wel aboute it was batayled And rounde enuyron eke were sette Ful many a riche and fayre tourette At enery corner of this wall 4165 Was sette a toure ful principall And eueriche hadde without fable A portcolyse defensable To kepe of enemyes / and to greue That there her force wolde preue And eke amydde this purprise 4171

And eke amydde this purprise 4171
ad wo
Was made a toure of great maistryse
A fayrer saugh no man with syght
Large and wyde / and of great myght
4136 They dradde none assaut

Of gynne / gonne / nor skaffaut 4176 The temprure of the mortere Was made of lycour wonder dere Of quicke lyme persaunt and egre 4179 The whiche was tempred with vynegre

The stone was harde of adamant
Wherof they made the foundemant
The toure was rounde made in compas
In al this worlde no richer was 4184
Ne better ordayned there withal
Aboute the toure was made a wal
So that betwixt that and the toure
Roses were sette of swete sauour 4188
With many roses that they bere
And eke within the castel were
Springoldes / gonnes / bowes / and
archers

And eke about at corners 4192 Men sevne ouer the wal stonde Great engyns / who were nerehonde And in the kernels here and there Of arblasters great plentie were 4196 None armure myght her strok withstonde It were foly to preace to honde Without the dytche were lystes made With wal batayled large and brade 4200 For men and horse shulde not attayne To nyghe the dyche ouer the playne Thus Ielousye hath enuyron Set aboute his garnyson 4204 With walles rounde / and dyche depe Onely the Roser for to kepe [Fo. C.I, col. 2] And Daunger erly and late The keyes kepte of the vtter gate 4208 The whiche openeth towarde the eest And he had with him at leest Thurty seruauntes echone by name

That other gate kept Shame 4212
Whiche opened / as it was couthe
Towarde the parte of the southe

4176 | Sergeauntes assigned were her to Ful many / her wyl for to do 4216 Than Drede had in her baillye The kepyng of the conestablerye Towarde the northe I vnderstonde That opened vpon the lyfte honde 4220 The whiche for nothyng may be sure But if she do besy cure Erly on morowe / and also late 4223 Strongly to shette and barre the gate Of euery thyng that she may se Drede is a ferde / where so she be For with a puffe of lytel wynde Drede is astonyed in her mynde 4228 Therfore for stealyng of the rose I rede her not the yate vnclose A foules flyght wol make her fle And eke a shadowe if she it se. 4232

> Han wicked tonge ful of enuye With soudyours of Normandye As he that causeth al the bate Was keper of the fourthe gate 4236 And also to the tother thre He went ful ofte for to se Whan his lotte was to wake a nyght His instrumentes wolde he dyght 4240 For to blowe and make sowne Ofter than he hath enchesoun And walken ofte vpon the wall Corners and wickettes over all 4244 Ful narowe serchen and espye Though he naught fonde / yet wolde he

lye
Discordaunt euer fro armony
And distoned from melodye 4248
Controue he wolde / and foule fayle
With hornepypes of Cornewayle
In floytes made he discordaunce 4251
And in his musyke with mischaunce

He wolde sevne with notes newe [150 bk.] That he fonde no woman trewe Ne that he sawe neuer in his lyfe Vnto her husbonde a trewe wyfe 4256 Ne none so ful of honeste That she nyl laughe and mery be Whan that she hereth or may espye 4260 A man speken of lecherye Eueryche of hem hath some vyce One is dishonest / another is nyce If one be ful of vilanve Another hath a lykerous eye 4264 If one be ful of wantonnesse Another is a chyderesse.

Thus wicked tonge / god yeue him shame 4267
Can put hem euerychone in blame
Without deserte and causelesse
He lyeth / though they ben gyltlesse
I haue pyte to sene the sorowe 4271
That walketh bothe eue and morowe
To innocentes dothe suche greuaunce
I pray god yeue him yuel chaunce
That he euer so besye is
Of any woman to seyne amys 4276

Eke Ielousye / god confounde That hath made a toure so rounde And made aboute a garyson To sette Bealacoil in prison 4280 The whiche is shette there in the tour Ful longe to holde there soiour There for to lyne in penaunce And for to do him more greuaunce 4284 Whiche hath ordayned Ielousye An olde vecke for to espve The maner of his gouernaunce 4287 The whiche dyuel in her enfaunce Had lerned of loues arte And of his pleys toke her parte

She was except in his seruyse 4291 She knewe eche wrenche and euery gyse Of Loue / and euery wyle It was harde her to begyle

Of Bealacoil she toke aye hede 4295 That euer he lyueth in wo and drede He kepte him koye / and eke priue Leest in him she had se Any foly countenaunce [1 lf. 150, bk., col. 2] ¹ For she knewe al the olde daunce 4300

And after this whan Ielousve Had Bealacoil in his baillie And shette him vp that was so fre For sure of him he wolde be 4304 He trusteth sore in his castell The stronge werke him lyketh well He dradde not that no glotons Shulde steale his roses or bothoms 4308 The roses weren assured all Defenced with the stronge wall Nowe Ielousye ful wel may be Of drede deuoyde in lyberte 4312 Whether that he slepe or wake For of his roses may none be take.

To Vt I (alas) nowe morne shal 4315 Bycause I was without the wal Ful moche doole and mone I made Who had wyste what wo I hade I trowe he wolde have had pyte Loue to dere had solde me 4320 The good that of his love had I I wente aboute it al queyntly But nowe through doublyng of my payne 4324 I se he wolde it sell agayne And me a newe bargayne lere The whiche al out the more is dere For the solace that I have lorne Than I had it neuer aforne 4328 Certayne I am ful lyke in dede

4376

To him that caste in erthe his sede And hath iove of the newe spring Whan it greneth in the gynnyng 4332 And is also favre and fresshe of floure Lusty to sene / swote of odoure But er he it in sheues shere May fall a wether that shal it dere 4336 And make it to fade and fall The stalke / the greyne / and floures all That to the tyllers is fordone The hope that he had to sone 4340 I drede certayne that so fare I For hope and trauayle sykerly Ben me byrafte al with a storme The floure nyl seden of my corne 4344 For Lone bath so anaunced me Whan I began my priuyte To Bailacoil al for to tel [Fo. C. II.] 4347 Whom I ne founde frowarde ne fel But toke agree al hole my play But loue is of so harde assaye That al atones he reued me 4351 Whan I wente best abouen to have be It is of loue / as of fortune That chaungeth ofte / and nyl contune Whiche whilom wol on folke smyle And glombe on hem another while 4356 Nowe frende nowe foe shalte her fele For a twynclynge tourneth her whele She canne writhe her heed awaye

She canne writhe her heed awaye
This is the concourse of her playe 4360
She canne areyse that dothe mourne
And whirle adowne and ouertourne
Who sytteth hyghest / but as her lust
A foole is he that wol her trust 4364
For it is I that am come downe
Through charge and revolutioun
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twynne
Shette in the prison yonde withinne
His absence at myne herte I fele 4369

For al my ioye and al myne hele
Was in him / and in the Rose
That but you wol / whiche him dothe
close 4372
Openne / that I maye him se
Loue wol nat that I cured be
Of the paynes that I endure

Nor of my cruel auenture.

H / Bialacoil myne owne dere A Though thou be nowe a prisonere Kepe at less thyne herte to me And suffre nat that it daunted be 4380 Ne lette nat Ielousy in his rage Putten thyne herte in no seruage Al though he chastice the without And make thy body vnto him lout 4384 Haue herte as harde as diamaunt Stedfast / and naught plyaunt In prison though thy body be At large kepe thyne herte free 4388 A trewe herte wol nat plye For no manace that it maye drye If Ielousye dothe the payne Quyte him his while thus agayne To venge the at leest in thought If other waye thou mayst nought [Fo. C.li, col. 2] And in this wyse subtelly Worche / and wynne the maistry 4396 But yet I am in great affraye Lest thou do nat / as I saye I drede thou canst me great maugre That thou enprisoned arte for me 4400 But that nat for my trespas For through me neuer discouered was Yet thynge / that ought be secree Wel more annove is in me 4404 Than is in the of this myschaunce For I endure more harde penaunce Than any canne sayne or thynke

That for the sorowe almost I synke Whan I remembre me of my wo 4409 Ful nyghe out of my wytte I go.

Inwarde myne herte I fele blede
For comfortlesse the dethe I drede 4412
Owe I nat wel to haue dystresse
Whan false / through her wickednesse
And traytours / that arne enuyous
To noyen me / be so coragious 4416

Ah / Bialacoile ful wel I se That they hem shape to disceyue the To make the buxome to her lawe And with her corde the to drawe 4420 Where so hem lust / right at her wyl I drede they have the brought there tvl Without comforte / thought me slethe This game wol bringe me to my dethe For if your good wyl I lese 4425 I mote be deed I mave nat chese And if that thou forvete me Myne hert shal neuer in lykynge be Nor elswhere fynde solace 4429 If I be putte out of your grace As it shal neuer ben I hoope Than shulde I fal in wanhope 4432

Alas / in wanhope: naye parde
For I wol neuer dispeyred be
If hope me fayle / than am I
Vngratious and vnworthy
4436
In hoope I wol conforted be
For Loue / whan he betaught her me
Sayd / that hoope where so I go
Shulde aye be relees to my wo
4440

But what and she my bales bete
And be to me curteis and swete [Fo. C.li,
She is in nothynge ful certayne
Louers she putte in ful great payne
And maketh hem with wo to dele 4445
Her fayre behest disceyueth fole
For she wol behote sykerly

And faylen after vtterly

Ah / that is a ful noyous thyng

For many a louer in louyng

Hangeth vpon her / and trusteth fast

Whiche lese her traueyle at the last

Of thyng to commen she wotte right

nought

Therfore if it be wisely sought
Her counsayle foly is to take
For many tymes / whan she wol make
A ful good sylogisme / I drede
A ful good sylogisme / I drede
That afterwarde there shal in dede
Folowe an yuel conclusyoun
This putte me in confusyoun
For many tymes I haue it sene
That many haue begyled bene
For truste that they haue sette in hoope
Whiche fel hem afterwarde a slope.

BVt nathelesse yet gladly she wolde
That he that wol him with her
holde 4466
Hadde al tymes her purpose clere
Without disceyte or any were
That she desyreth sykerly 4469
Whan I her blamed I dyd foly
But what auayleth her good wyl
Whan she ne maye staunche my
stounde yl 4472
That helpeth lytel that she maye do
Outtake beheest vnto my wo

Whan heest and dede a sondre vary
They done a great contrary
Thus am I possed vp and downe
With doole / thought / and confusyoune
Of my disease there is no nombre 4481
Daungere and Shame me encombre

4476

And heest certayne in no wyse

Without yefte is nat to preyse.

Drede also / and Ielousye
And Wicked Tonge ful of enuye 4484
Of whiche the sharpe and cruel Ire
Ful ofte me putte in great martyre
They haue my ioye fully lette
Sithe Bialacoil they haue beshette [151 bk., col. 2]
Fro me in prison wickedly
Whome I loue so entierly
That it wol my bane be
But I the sooner maye him se 4493

And yet more ouer worste of al There is sette to kepe / foule her befal A Rympled vecke ferre ronne in rage Frownyng and yelowe in her visage Whiche in awayte lyeth day and nyght That none of hem may haue a syght.

Owe mote my sorowe enforced be
Ful soth it is that Loue yafe me
Thre wonder yeftes of his grace 4501
Whiche I haue lorne nowe in this place
Sithe they ne maye without drede
Helpen but lytel who taketh hede 4504
For here aueyleth no Swete thought
And swete Speche helpeth right nought

The thirde was called Swete Lokyng That nowe is lorne without lesyng. 4508

Yeftes were fayre / but nat for thy
They helpe me but symply
But Bialacoil loosed be
To gone at large / and to be free 4512
For him my lyfe lyeth al in dout
But if he come the rather out

Alas I trowe it wol nat bene 4515
For howe shulde I euermore him sene?
He maye nat out / and that is wronge
Bycause the Toure is so stronge
Howe shulde he out / or by whose
prowesse

Of so stronge a forteresse? 4520 By me certayne it nyl be do

God wotte I haue no wytte therto
But wel I wotte I was in rage
Whan I to Loue dydde homage 4524
Who was in cause (in sothfastnesse)
But her selfe dame Idelnesse?
Whiche me conueyde through fayre
prayere

To enter in to that fayre vergere 4528
She was to blame me to leue
The whiche nowe dothe me sore greue
A fooles worde is nought to trowe
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe 4532
Menne shulde him snybbe bitterly
At prime temps of his foly [Fo. C.III.]
I was a foole / and she me leued
Through whom I am right nought releued
She accomplysshed al my wyll 4537
That nowe me greueth wonder yll.

Reson me sayde what shulde fall
A foole my selfe I may wel call
That loue a syde I had nat layde 4541
And trowed that dame Reson sayde
Reson had bothe skyll and ryght
Whan she me blamed / with al her
myght 4544
To medle of loue / that hath me shent
But certayne nowe I wol repent.

A false traytour / than shulde I be
The dyuels engyns wolde me take 4549
If I my loue wolde forsake
Or Bialacoil falsly betraye
Shulde I at mischefe hate him? naye
Sythe he nowe for his curtesye 4553
Is in prison of Ielousye
Curtesye certayne dyd he me

So moche / that it may not yolden be Whan he the hay passen me lete 4557 To kysse the Rose / fayre and swete Shulde I therfore conne him maugre Nay certaynly / it shal not be 4560 For Loue shal neuer yeue good wyll Here of me / through worde or wyll Offence or complaynt more or lesse Nevther of Hope nor Idelnesse 4564 For certes it were wronge that I Hated hem for her curtesye There is not els / but suffre and thynke And waken whan I shulde wynke 4568 Abyde in hope / tyl Loue through chaunce Sende me socour or allegeaunce Expectant ave tvl I may mete To getten mercy of that swete. 4572

Whylom I thynke howe Loue to me Sayd he wolde take at gre My seruyce / if vnpacience Caused me to done offence 4576 He sayd / in thanke I shal it take And hygh mayster eke the make If wickednesse ne reue it the But sone I trowe that shal not be 4580 These were his wordes by and by It semed he loued me trewly

Nowe is there not but serue him wele If that I thynke his thanke to fele 4584 My good myn harme / lythe hole in me In loue may no defaute be For trewe loue ne fayled neuer man Sothly the faute mote nedes than 4588 As god forbyd / be founde in me And howe it commeth / I can not se Nowe let it gone as it may go Whether Loue wol socoure me or slo He may do hole on me his-wyll 4593 Of loues syde? anone tel me

I am so sore bounde hym tyll From his seruyce I may not flene For lyfe and dethe withouten wene Is in his hande / I may not chese 4597 He may me do bothe wynne and lese And sythe so sore he dothe me greue Yet if my luste he wolde acheue To Bialacoil goodly to be I veue no force what fel on me For though I dye / as I mote nede I pray Loue of his goodlyhede 4604 To Bialacoil do gentylnesse For whom I lyue in suche distresse That I mote dyen for penaunce But first / without repentaunce 4608 I wol me confesse in god entent And make in haste my testament As lovers done that felen smerte To Bialacoil leaue I myn herte 4612 Al hole / without departyng Or doublenesse of repentyng.

¶ Comment Raison vient a Lamant. Hus as I made my passage 4615 In compleynt / and in cruel rage And I not where to fynde a leche That couthe vnto myn helpyng eche Sodainly agayne comen doun Out of her tour I sawe Reasoun 4620 Discrete and wyse / and ful plesaunt And of her porte ful auenaunt The right way she toke to me Whiche stode in great perplexite 4624 That was posshed in euery syde That I nyst where I myght abyde Tyl she demurely sadde of chere Sayd to me as she came nere 4628 Myne owne frende / arte thou greued?

Howe is this quarel yet atcheued

Hast thou nat yet of love thy fyl? 4632 Arte thou nat wery of thy servey?

That the hath in suche wyse?

What ioye haste thou in thy louyng?
Is it swete or bytter thyng
4636
Canst thou yet chese / lette me se
What best thy socour myght be.

Thou seruest a ful noble lorde 4639 That maketh the thral for thy rewarde Whiche age reneweth thy tourment With foly so he hath the blent Thou fel in myschefe thylke daye 4643 Whan thou dyddest / the sothe to saye Obeysaunce / and eke homage Thou wroughest nothyng as the sage Whan thou became his liege man Thou dyddest a great foly than 4648 Thou wystest nat what fel therto With what lorde thou haddest to do If thou haddest him wel knowe Thou haddest nought be brought so

For if thou wystest what it were 4653 Thou noldest serue him halfe a vere Nat a weke / nor halfe a daye Ne yet an hour without delaye 4656 Ne neuer I loued paramours His lordshyppe is so ful of shours Knowest him ought? Lamaunt. Ye dame parde Raysoun. Nay nay. Lamaunt. Yes I Raysoun. Wherfore lette se 4660 Lamaunt. Of that he sayd I shulde be Gladde to have suche lorde (as he) And maister of suche seignorie Raysoun. Knowest him no more? Lamaunt. Nave certes I 4664 Saue that he yafe me rules there And went his waye / I nyst where

And I abode bounde in balaunce
Lo / there a noble conysaunce. 4668

Raysoun. [Fo. C.lii, back, col. 2]

Vt I wol that thou knowe him nowe
Gynnynge and ende / sthe that
thou

Arte so anguysshous and mate

Disfygured out of astate

There maye no wretche haue more of wo
Ne caytife none enduren so
It were to euery manne syttyng
Of his lorde haue knowlegyng
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou shuldest escapen out
Of thy prysone that marreth the
Lamaunt. Ye dame sithe my lorde
is he

And I his manne made with myne honde
I wolde ryght fayne vnderstonde
To knowe of what kynde he be
If any wolde enforme me.

4684

¶ Raysoun.

Wolde (sayd Reason) the lere Sithe thou to lerne hast suche desvre And shewe the withouten fable A thynge that is nat demonstrable 4688 Thou shalte withouten science And knowe withouten experience The thyng that may nat knowen be Ne wyst ne shewed in no degree Thou mayst the sothe of it nat wytten Though in the it were written Thou shalte nat knowe therof more Whyle thou arte ruled by his lore 4696 But vnto him that loue wol flye The knotte maye vnclosed be Whiche hath to the / as it is founde So longe to knytte and nat vnbounde Nowe sette wel thyne ententioun To here of Loue discriptioun. 4702

Oue it is an hateful pees A free acquytaunce without relees And through the frette ful of falshede A sickernesse al sette in drede In herte is a dispeyryng hoope And ful of hoope it is wanhoope 4708 Wyse woodnesse / and voyde Reasoun A swete peryl in to drowne An heuy burthen lyght to beare A wicked wave awaye to weare 4712 It is Carybdes perilous Disagreable and gratious [1 Fo. C.liii.] ¹It is descordaunce that can accorde And accordaunce to discorde 4716 It is connynge without science Wysedom without sapyence Wytte without discretioun Hauoyre without possessyoun 4720 It is lyke hele and hole sickenesse A truste drowned and dronknesse And helthe ful of maladye And charyte ful of enuve 4724 And angre ful of habundaunce And a gredy suffysaunce Delyte right ful of heuvnesse And dreryed ful of gladnesse 4728 Bytter swetnesse and swete errour Right yuel sauoured good sauour Sen that pardone hath withinne And pardone spotted without synne A payne also it is ioyous 4733 And felonye ryght pytous Also playe that selde is stable And stedfast right menable 4736 A strength weyked to stonde vpright And feblenesse ful of myght Wytte vnauysed / sage folye And ioye ful of tourmentrye 4740 A laughter it is wepynge aye Rest that traueyleth nyght and daye

Also a swete helle it is And a sorouful paradys 4744 A plesaunt gayle and easy prisoun And ful of frost somer seasoun Pryme temps ful of frostes whyte And Maye devoyde of al delyte 4748 With seer braunches blossoms vngrene And newe frute fylled with wynter tene It is a slowe maye nat forbeare Ragges rybaned with golde to weare For al so wel wol loue be sette 4753 Vnder ragges as riche rochette And eke as wel by amorettes In mournyng blacke / as bright burnettes For none is of so mokel prise 4757 Ne no manne founden so wyse Ne none so highe is of parage Ne no manne founde of wytte so sage No manne so hardy ne so wight 4761 Ne no manne of so mokel myght None so fulfylled of bounte [Fo. C.liii, That he with loue mave daunted be Al the worlde holdeth this waye Loue maketh al to gone myswaye But it be they of yuel lyfe Whome Genius cursed man and wyfe That wrongly werke agayne nature None suche I loue / ne haue no cure Of suche as loues seruauntes bene 4771 And wol nat by my counsayle flene For I ne preyse that louynge Wherthrough men at the laste endynge Shal cal hem wretches ful of wo 4775 Loue greueth hem and shendeth so But if thou wolte wel loue eschewe For to escape out of his mewe 4778 And make al hoole thy sorowe to slake No better counsayle mayst thou take Than thynke to fleen wel ywis 4781

Maye nought helpe els / for wytte thou this

If thou flye it / it shal flye the
Folowe it / and folowen shal it the. 4784

I Lamaunt.

More for delectation

Whan I hadde herde al Reason sayne Whiche had spilte her speche in vayne Dame (sayd I) I dare wel saye Of this auaunt me wel I maye 4788 That from your schole so deciaunt I am / that neuer the more auaunt Right nought am I through your doctryne I dulle vnder your disciplyne 4792 I wotte no more than wyste euer To me so contrary and so fer Is every thynge that ye me lere And yet I canne it al by partuere 4796 Myne herte foryeteth therof right nought It is so written in my thought And depe greuen it is so tender That al myne herte I can it render 4800 And rede it ouer communely But to my fele lewdest am I.

Vt sithe ye Loue discryuen so And lacke and preise it bothe two Defyneth it in to this letter 4805 That I maye thynke on it the better For I herde neuer diffyned here And wylfully I wolde it lere 4808 If love be serched well and sought [153 bk.] It is a sickenesse of the thought Annexed and knedde betwixt tweyne With male and female with o chevne So frely that byndeth / that they nyl twynne Wheder so therof they lese or wynne The rote spryngeth through hoote brennynge In to disordynate desyringe

And at her luste them to solace Of other thynge loue retcheth nought But setteth her herte and al her thought More for delectatioun 4821 Than any procreatioun Of other fruite by engendrure Whiche loue to god is nat pleasure 4824 For of her body fruyte to gette They yeue no force / they are so sette Vpon delyte to playe in fere And some haue also this manere 4828 To faynen hem for loue seke Suche loue I preyse nat at a leke For paramours they do but fayne To loue trewly they disdayne 4832 They falsen ladyes traytoursly And swerne hem othes vtterly With many a leasyng / and many a fable And al they fynden disceyuable And whan they han her luste getten

The hoote ernes they al foryetten Women the harme byen ful sore But menne this thynken euermore 4840 That lasse harme is / so mote I thee Disceyue them / than disceyued be . And namely where they ne maye Fynde none other meane waye 4844 For I wotte wel in sothfastnesse That what dothe nowe his besynesse With any woman for to dele For any luste that he maye fele 4848 But if it be for engendrure He dothe trespasse I you ensure For he shulde setten al his wyl To getten a lykely thynge him tyl 4852 And to sustayne / if he myght And kepe forthe by kyndes ryght His owne lykenesse and semblable 4816 | For bycause al is corrumpable 4856

And fayle shulde successyoun

Ne were their generatioun

Our sectes sterne for to saue

Whan father or mother arne in graue

Her chyldren shulde / whan they ben bede

4861

Her chyldren shulde / whan they ben 4861 Ful dilygent bene in her stede To vse that warke on suche a wyse That one may through another ryse Therfore sette kynde therin delyte For men therin shulde hem delyte And of that dede be nat erke But ofte sythes haunt that werke 4868 For none wolde drawe therof a draught Ne were delyte / whiche hath him caught This had subtyl dame Nature For none gothe right I the ensure Ne hath entent hoole ne parfyte 4873 For her desyre is for delyte The whiche fortened crease / and eke The playe of loue for ofte seke And thral hem selfe they be so nyce Vn to the prynce of euery vyce 4878 For of eche synne it is the rote Vnleful luste / though it be sote And of al yuel the racyne As Tullyus canne determyne Whiche in his tyme was ful sage In a booke he made of age Where that more he prayseth elde 4885 Though he be croked and vnwelde And more of commendatioun Than youthe in his discriptioun For youthe sette bothe man and wyfe In al parel of soule and lyfe The parel is / but men haue grace And parel of youthe for to pace Without any dethe or distresse 4893 It is so ful of wyldnesse So ofte it dothe shame or domage

To hym or to his lynage It ledeth man / nowe vp nowe downe In mokel dissolutioun 4898 And maketh him loue yuel company And lede his lyfe disrulyly And halte hym payde with none estate Within hym selfe is suche debate 4902 He chaungeth purpose and entent And yalte in to some couent To lyuen after her emprise [Fo. C.liii.] And leseth fredom and fraunchyse 4906 That nature in him had sette The whiche agayne he may not gette If he there make his mansyon For to abyde professyon 4910 Though for a tyme his herte absente It may not fayle / he shal repente And eke abyde thilke day To leave his abyte / and gon his way And leseth his worshyp and his name And dare not come agayne for shame But al his lyfe he dothe so mourne Bycause he dare nat home retourne 4918 Fredom of kynde so loste hath he That neuer may recured be But that if god him graunte grace That he may / er he hence pace 4922 Conteyne vnder obedyence Through the vertue of pacience For youthe set man in al folye In vnthrifte and in rybandrie [**] 4926 In lechery / and in outrage So ofte it chaungeth of corage Youthe gynneth ofte suche bargavne That may not ende without payne In great parell is set youth hede Delyte so dothe his bridell lede Delyte this hangeth / drede the nought Bothe mans body and his thought 4934 Onely through youthes chambere

That to done yuell is customere
And of naught els taketh hede
But onely folkes for to lede
In to disporte and wyldenesse
So is frowarde from sadnesse
But elde draweth hem therfro
Who wote it not / he may wel go
And mo of hem / that nowe arne olde
That whylom youthe had in holde
Whiche yet remembreth of tender age
Howe it hem brought in many a rage
And many a foly therin wrought
4947
But nowe that elde hath him through
sought

They repent hem of her folye
That youthe hem put in icopardye 4950
In parell and in moche wo
And made hem ofte amysse to do
And sewen yuell companye
[16. 154, col. 2]
Ryot and auoutrye.

4954

Vt elde gan agayne restrayne From suche foly / and refrayne And set men by her ordynaunce In good rule and in gouernaunce But yuel she spendeth her seruyse For no man wol her loue neyther preyse She is hated / this wote I wele Her acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele Ne han of elde companye Men hate to be of her alve For no man wolde becomen olde Ne dye / whan he is yonge and bolde And elde meruayleth right greatly Whan they remembre hem inwardly Of many a perillous emprise Whiche that they wrought in sondrie wyse 4970

Howe euer they might without blame Escape away without shame ROMAUNT.

In youthe without domage Or reprefe of her lynage 4974 Losse of membre / shedyng of blood Parell of dethe / or losse of good Woste thou not where youthe abyt That men so preysen in her wyt? 4978 With Delyte she halte soiour For bothe they dwellen in o tour As longe as youthe is in season They dwellen in one mansyon 4982 Delyte of youthe wol haue seruyce To do what so he wol deuyse And youthe is redy cuermore For to obeye for smerte of soore 4986 Vnto Delyte / and him to yeue Her seruyce / while that she may lyue.

Where elde abytte / I wol the tel
Shortly / and no while dwel 4990
For thyder behoueth the to go
If dethe in youthe the nat slo
Of this iourney thou mayst nat fayle
With her labour and trauayle 4994
Lodged ben with sorowe and wo
That neuer out of her courte go
Payne and dystresse / syckenesse /
and yre

And melancoly that angry syre 4998
Bene of her paleys senatours [Fo. C.IIIII, bk.]
Gronyng and grutchyng /her herbegeours
The daye and nyght her to tourment
With cruel dethe they her present 5002
And tellen her erlyche and late
That dethe stondeth armed at her gate
Than brynge they to her remembraunce
The foly dedes of her enfaunce
Whiche causen her to mourne in wo
That youthe hath her begyled so
Whiche sodainly awaye is hasted

She weped the tyme that she hath wasted

Complaynynge of the preterytte
And the present / that nat abytte
And of her olde vanyte
That but aforne her she maye se 5014
In the future some socoure
To leggen her of her doloure
To graunt her tyme of repentaunce
For her synnes to do penaunce 5018
And at the laste so her gouerne
To wynne the ioye that is eterne
Fro whiche go backwarde youthe he made

In vanyte to drowne and wade 5022
For present tyme abydeth nought
It is more swyfte than any thought
So lytel whyle it dothe endure
That there mys compte ne measure

But howe that euer the game go Who lyst to loue ioye and myrthe also Of loue / be it he or she Hye or lowe who it be 5030 In fruyte they shulde hem delyte Her parte they maye nat els quyte To saue hem selfe in honeste And yet ful many one I se 5034 Of women / sothly for to sayne That desyre / and wolde fayne The playe of loue / they be so wyldé And nat coueyte to go with chylde 5038 And if with chylde they be perchaunce They wol it holde a great myschaunce But what so euer wo they fele They wol nat playne / but concele 5042 But if it be any foole or nyce In whome that shame hath no iustyce For to Delyte echone they drawe That haunte this worke bothe hye and lawe 5046 Saue suche that arne worthe right

[leaf 154 back, col. 2]

nought

That for money wal be bought Suche loue I preyse in no wyse Whan it is gouen for couetyse 5050 I preyse no woman / though so be woode That yeueth her selfe for any goode For lytel shulde a man telle Of her / that wel her body selle 5054 Be she mayde / be she wyfe That quycke wol selle her by her lyfe Howe fayre chere that euer she make He is a wretche I vndertake That loued suche one / for swete or soure Though she hym called her paramoure And laugheth on him / and maketh him For certainly no suche beest 5062 To be loued is nat worthy Or beare the name of Drury None shulde her please / but he were

woode 5065 That wol dispovle him of his goode Yet nathelesse I wol nat saye That she for solace and for playe Maye a iewel or other thynge Take of her loues free yeuynge 5070 But that she aske it in no wyse For drede of shame / or couetyse And she of hers maye him certayne Without sclaunder yeuen agayne 5074 And iovne her hertes togyder so In loue / and take and yeue also Trowe nat that I wol hem twynne Whan in her loue there is no synne I wol that they togyder go 5079 And done al that they hanne ado As curteys shulde and debonayre And in her loue beren hem favre

Without vyce / bothe he and she So that alwaye in honeste

Fro folly loue to kepe hem clere That brenneth bertes with his fere 5086 And that her love in any wyse Be devoyde of couetyse Good loue shulde engendred be Of trewe hert / inste / and secree 5090 And nat of suche as sette her thought To have her luste / and els nought So are they caught in loues lace Trewly for bodily solace 5094 Flesshely delyte is so present [Fo. C.lv.] With the / that set al thyn entent Without more / what shulde I glose For to get and have the Rose 5098 Whiche maketh the so mate and wood That thou desyrest none other good But thou arte not an ynche the nerre But euer abydest in sorowe and werre As in thy face it is sene 5103 It maketh the bothe pale and lene Thy might / thy vertue gothe away A sory gest in good fay Thou herborest in thyn inne The god of Loue whan thou let inne Wherfore I rede thou shette him oute Or he shal greue the out of doute For to thy profyte it wol turne 5111 If he no more with the soiourne In great mischefe and sorowe sonken Ben hertes / that of loue arne dronken As thou perauenture knowen shall 5115 Whan thou hast lost the tyme all And spent by thought in ydelnesse In waste / and woful lustynesse 5118 If thou mayst lyue the tyme to se Of lone for to delyuered be Thy tyme thou shalte bewepe sore The whiche neuer thou mayst restore For tyme loste / as men may se 5123 For nothyng may recourred be

And if thou scape / yet at laste
Fro loue that hath the so faste
Fro loue that hath the so faste

Knytte and bounden in his lace
Certayne I holde it but a grace
For many one as it is seyne
Haue loste / and spent also in veyne
In his seruyce without socour
5131
Body and soule / good / and treasour
Wytte / and strength / and eke rychesse
Of whiche they had neuer redresse. 5134

Tamant.

Hus taught & preched hath Reason But Loue spylte her sermon That was so imped in my thought That her doctryne I set at nought 5138 And yet ne sayd she neuer a dele That I ne vnderstode it wele Worde by worde the mater all But vnto Loue I was so thrall [Fo. C.lv, col. 2] Whiche calleth ouer al his praye 5143 He chaseth so my thought ave And holdeth myne herte vnder his sele As trusty and trewe as any stele 5146 So that no deuocion Ne had I in the sermon Of dame Reason / ne of her rede I toke no soiour in myn heede 5150 For al yede out at one ere That in that other she dyd lere Fully on me she lost her lore 5153 Her speche me greued wonder sore.

That vnto her for ire I sayde
For anger / as I dyd abrayde
Dame / and is it your wyl algate
That I not loue / but that I hate 5158
Al men / as ye me teche
For if I do after your speche
Sythe that ye seyne loue is not good
Than must I nedes say with mode
If I it leue / in hatred aye 5163

Lyuen / and voyde loue awaye From me a synful wretche Hated of al that tetche I may not go none other gate For eyther muste I loue or hate And if I hate men of newe More than loue / it wol me rewe 5170 As by your prechyng semeth me For Loue nothing ne prayseth the Ye yeue good counsayle sykerly That precheth me al day / that I 5174 Shulde not loues lore alowe He were a foole wolde you not trowe In speche also ye han me taught Another love that knowen is naught Whiche I have herde you not repreue To loue eche other by your leue If ye wolde diffyne it me I wolde gladly here to se 5182 At the leest if I may lere Of sondrie lones the manere. ¶ Raison.

Ertes frende / a foole arte thou Whan that thou nothyng wolte alow 5186

That I for thy profyte saye Yet wol I saye the more in faye For I am redy at the leest [Fo. C.lv, back] To accomplysshe they request 5190 But I not where it wol aueyle In vayne parauenture I shale traueyle Loue there is in sondrye wyse And I shal the here deuyse 5194 For some loue leful is and goode

I meane nat that whiche maketh the woode

And bryngeth the in many a fytte And rauyssheth fro the al thy wytte It is so marueylous and queynt 5199 With suche loue be no more aqueynt.

¶ Comment Raison diffinist Aunsete. Oue of frendshippe also there is Whiche maketh no man done amys Of wyl knytte betwixte two That wol nat breke for wele ne wo Whiche longe is lykely to contune Whan wyl and goodes ben in commune Grounded by goddes ordynaunce Hoole without discordaunce With hem holdynge communte Of al her good in charyte That there be none exceptioun Through chaungynge of ententioun That eche helpe other at her nede 5213 And wisely hele bothe worde and dede Trewe of meanyng / deuoyde of slouthe For wytte is nought without trouthe So that the tone dare al his thought Savne to his frende / and spare nought As to him selfe without dredynge 5219 To be discouered by wreying For gladde is that conjunctioun Whan there is none suspectioun Whome they wolde proue That trewe and parfyte weren in loue For no man maye be amyable But if he be so ferme and stable That fortune chaunge him nat ne blynde But that his frende al waye him fynde Bothe poore and ryche in o state For if his frende through any gate 5230 Wol complayne of his pouerte He shulde nat byde so longe / tyl he Of his helpynge him requyre For good dede done through prayere ¹ Is solde and bought to dere ywis To hert that of great valure is [1] 1f. 155, bk., For herte fulfylled of gentylnesse Canne yuel demeaue² his distresse 5238 And man that worthy is of name

To askenne often hath great shame

A good manne brenneth in his thought For shame whan he asketh ought 5242 He hath great thought / and dredeth aye For his disease whan he shal praye His frende / lest that he warned be Tyl that he preue his stabilyte 5246 But whan that he hath founden one That trusty is and trewe as stone And assayed him at al And founde him stedfast as a wal 5250 And of his frendshippe be certayne He shal him shewe / both ioye and payne And al that dare thynke or saye Without shame / as he wel maye 5254 For howe shulde he a shamed be Of suche one as I tolde the For whan he wotte his secree thought The thirde shalknowe therof right nought For twey in nombre is bette than thre, In euery counsayle and secree Repreue he dredeth neuer a dele Who that besette his wordes wele 5262 For every wyse manne out of drede Canne kepe his tonge tyl he se nede

And fooles canne nat holde her tonge A fooles belle is soone ronge Yet shal a trewe frende do more To helpe his felowe of his sore And socour him whan he hath nede In al that he maye done in dede 5270 And gladder that he him pleaseth Than his felowe that he easeth And if he do nat his request He shal as moche him molest 5274 As his felowe / for that he Maye nat fulfyl his volunte Fully / as he hath requyred If bothe the hertes loue hath fyred 5278 Ioye and wo they shal departe

And take euenly eche his parte
Halfe his anoye he shal haue aye
And comforte what that he maye 5282
And of this blysse parte shal he [Fo. C.lvi.]
If loue wol departed be,

And shulde maken his request
Vnto his frende / that is honest
And he goodly shulde it fulfyll
But it the more were out of skyll 5290
And otherwyse not graunte therto
Except only in causes two

If men his frende to dethe wolde driue Let him be besy to saue his lyue

Also if men wollen him assayle
Of his worshyp to make him fayle
And hyndren him of his renoun
Let him with ful entencioun
His deuer done in eche degre
That his frende ne shamed be

In this two case with his might Takyng no kepe to skyll nor right 5302 As ferre as loue may him excuse This ought no man to refuse

This love that I have tolde to the Is no thyng contrarye to me
This wol I that thou followe wele
And leave the tother every dele
This love to vertue al entendeth 5309
The tother fooles blent and shendeth.

Another loue also there is
That is contrarye vnto this
Whiche desyre is so constrayned
That is but wyl fayned 5314
Away fro trouthe it dothe so varye
That to good loue it is contrarye
For it maymeth in many wyse

Syke hertes with couetyse 5318 Al in wynnyng and in profyte Suche loue setteth his delyte This love so hangeth in balaunce That if it lese his hope parchaunce 5322 Of lucre / that he is set vpon It wol fayle / and quenche anon For no man maye be amorours Ne in his lyuyng vertuous 5326 But he loue more in moode [1 If. 156, col. 2] Men for hem selfe / than for her goode ¹For love that profyte dothe abyde Is false / and byddeth not in no tyde Loue cometh of dame Fortune 5331 That lytel whyle wol contune For it shal chaungen wonder soone And take eclyps right as the moone Whan he is from vs lette 5335 Through erthe / that betwixt is sette The sonne and her / as it may fall Be it in partie / or in all The shadowe maketh her bemes merke And her hornes to shewe derke That parte / where she hath loste her lyght

Of Phebus fully / and the syght 5342
Tyl whan the shadowe is ouerpaste
She is enlumyned ageyn as faste
Through the brightnesse of the sonne
bemes 5345

That yeueth to her ageyne her lemes
That loue is right of suche nature
Nowe is fayre / and nowe obscure
Nowe bright / nowe clipsy of manere
And whilom dymme / & whylom clere
As soone as pouerte gynneth take 5351
With mantel and weedes blake
Hydeth of loue the light away
That in to nyght it turneth day
It may not se richesse shyne

Tyl the blacke shadowes fyne 5356
For whan rychesse shyneth bright
Loue recouereth ayen his lyght
And whan it fayleth / he wol flyt
And as she greueth / so greueth it

Of this loue here what I saye
The ryche men are loued aye 5362
And namely tho that sparande bene
That wol not wasshe her hertes clene
Of the fylthe / nor of the vyce
Of gredy brennyng auaryce 5366

The ryche man ful fonde is ywis That weneth that he loued is If that his herte it vnderstode It is not he / it is his good 5370 He may wel weten in his thought His good is loued / and he right nought For if he be a nygarde eke Men wol nat set by him a leke 5374 But haten him / this is the sothe Lo what profyte his catel dothe Of every man that may him se [1f. 156, bk.] It getteth him nought but enmyte 5378 But he amende hym selfe of that vyce And knowe him selfe / he is not wyse

Certes he shulde aye frendly be To get hym loue also ben fre 5382 Or els he is not wyse ne sage No more than is a gote ramage That he not loueth / his dede proueth Whan he his richesse so wel loueth That he wol hyde it are and spare 5387 His poore frendes sene forfare To kepen ave his purpose Tyl for drede his eyen close And tyl a wicked dethe him take Hym had leuer a sondre shake And let al his lymmes a sondre ryue Than leave his richesse in his lyue 5394 He thynketh to parte it with no man

Certayne no loue is in him than Howe shulde loue within hym be Whan in his herte is no pyte That he trespaseth wel I wate For eche man knoweth his estate For wel him ought to be reproued 5401 That loueth nought / ne is not loued

But sithe we arne to fortune comen And hath our sermon of her nomen A wonder wyll I tel the nowe 5405 Thou herdest neuer suche one I trowe I not where thou me leuen shall Though sothfastnesse it be all As it is written / and is sothe That vnto men more profyte dothe 5410 The frowarde fortune and contraire Than the swote and debonaire And if the thynke it is doutable It is through argument prouable 5414 For the debonayre and softe Falseth and begyleth ofte For lyche a mother she can cherishe And mylken as dothe a norice 5418 And of her good to him deles And yeueth him parte of her ioweles With great rychesse and dignite And hem she hoteth stabylite In a state that is not stable But chaungyng aye and variable ¹And fedeth him with glorie veyne 5425 And worldly blysse noncertayne [1 156 bk., Whan she him setteth on her whele Than wene they to be right wele And in so stable state withall That neuer they wene for to fall 5430 And whan they sette so hygh be They wene to haue in certeynte Of hertly frendes to great nombre 5433 That nothyng might her state encombre They truste hem so on euery syde

Wenyng with hym they wolde abyde In euery parel and mischaunce Without chaunge or variaunce 5438 Bothe of catel and of good And also for to spende her blood And al her membres for to spyll Onely to fulfyll her wyll 5442 They maken it hole in many wyse And hoten hem her ful seruyse Howe sore that it do hem smerte Into her very naked sherte 5446 Herte and al so hole they yeue For the tyme that they may lyue So that with her flaterye They maken fooles glorifye 5450 Of her wordes spekyng ' And han chere of a reiovsyng And trowe hem as the Euangyle And it is al falshede and gyle As they shal afterwarde se Whan they arne fall in pouerte And ben of good and catell bare 5457 Than shul they sene who frendes ware For of an hundred certaynly Nor of a thousande ful scarsly Ne shal they fynde vnnethes one Whan pouerte is comen vpon 5462 For thus Fortune that I of tell With men whan her lust to dwell Maketh hem to lese her convsaunce And norissheth hem in ignoraunce. 5466

But frowarde fortune and peruerse
Whan high estates she dothe reuerse
And maketh hem to tomble doune
Of her whele with sodayne tourne
And from her rychesse dothe hem flye
And plongeth hem in pouerte [Fo. C.Ivii.]
As a stepmother enuyous
And layeth a playstre dolorous 5474

Vnto her hertes wounded egre
Whiche is not tempred with vynegre
But with pouerte and indygence
For to shewe by experience
That she is Fortune verilye
In whom no man shulde affye
Nor in her yeftes haue fyaunce
She is so ful of varyaunce
5482

Thus can she maken hye and lowe Whan they from rychese arne throwe Fully to knowen without were Frende of affecte / and 1 frende of chere And whiche in loue weren trewe and stable [1 ? srende, Thynne,] And whiche also weren varyable After fortune her goddesse In pouerte / either in rychesse 5490 For al that yeueth here out of drede Vnhappe bereueth it in dede For in fortune lette not one Of frendes / whan fortune is gone 5494 I meane tho frendes that wol fle Anon as entreth pouerte And yet they wol not leave hem so But in eche place where they go They cal hem wretche / scorne / and blame

And of her mishappe hem diffame
And namely suche as in rychesse
Pretendeth moste of stablenesse 5502
Whan that they sawe him set on lofte
And weren of him socoured ofte
And most yholpe in al her nede
But nowe they take no maner hede
But seyne in voyce of flaterye
That nowe appereth her folye
Ouer al where so they fare
And synge / go farewel feldefare 5510

Al suche frendes I beshrewe For of trewe there be to fewe But sothfaste frendes / what so betyde In euery fortune wollen abyde They han her hertes in suche noblesse That they nyl loue for no rychesse Nor for that fortune may hem sende They wollen hem socour and defende And chaunge for softe ne for sore 5519 ¹ For who is frende loveth euermore Though men drawe swerde his frende to [1 Fo. C.lvii., col. 2] He may not hewe her loue a two But in case that I shal say For pride and ire lese it he may And for reproue by nycete And discoueryng of priuyte 5526

With tonge woundyng / as felon

Through venemous detraction

Frende in this case wol gon his way For nothing greue him more ne may And for nought els wol he fle If that he love in stabylite 5532 And certayne he is wel begone Amonge a thousande that fyndeth one For there may be no rychesse Avenst frendshyp of worthynesse For it ne may so hygh attayne 5537 As may the valoure / sothe to sayne Of him that loueth trewe and well Frendshyp is more than is catell For frende in courte aye better is Than peny in purse certis 5542 And fortune mishappyng Whan vpon men she is fablyng Through misturnyng of her chaunce

She maketh through her adversyte
Men ful clerely for to se
Hym that is frende in existence
From hym that is by apparence
For in fortune maketh anone

5546

And caste hem out of balaunce

To knowe thy frendes fro thy fone By experyence right as it is
The whiche is more to prayse ywis 5554
Than in moche rychesse and tresour
For more depe profyte and valour
Pouertie / and suche aduersyte
Before / than dothe prosperyte 5558
For that one yeueth conysaunce
And the tother ignoraunce.

And thus in pouerte is in flede
Trouthe declared fro falshede 5562
For faynte frendes it wol declare
And trewe also / what way they fare
For whan he was in his rychesse
These frendes ful of doublenesse 5566
Offred him in many wyse [Fo. C.lvii., back]
Herte and body / and seruyce
What wolde he than haue you to haue
bought

To knowen openly her thought 5570 That he nowe hath so clerely sene The lasse begyled he shulde have bene And he hadde than parceyued it 5573 But Richesse nolde nat lette him wytte Wel more auauntage dothe him than Sithe that it maketh him a wyse man The great myschefe that he parcevueth Than dothe Richesse that him disceyueth Richesse riche ne maketh nought Him that on treasour sette his thought For richesse stonte in suffysaunce And nothynge in habundaunce For suffysaunce al onely Maketh menne to lyue richely. 5584

Or he that hath mytches tweyne
Ne value in his demayne
Lyueth more at ease / & more is
riche

Than dothe he that is chiche 5588 And in his berne hath sothe to sayne An hundred manys of whete grayne Though he be chapman or marchaunt And have of golde many besaunt 5592 For in the gettyng he hath suche wo And in the kepyng drede also And sette euermore his besynesse For to encrease / and nat to lesse 5596 For to augment and multiplye And though on heapes that lye him by Yet neuer shal make his richesse Asseth vnto his gredynesse 5600

But the poore that retcheth nought Saue of his lyuelode in his thought Whiche that he getteth with his traueyle He dredeth naught that it shal feyle Though he have lytel worldes goode Meate and drynke / and easy foode Vpon his traueyle and lyuyng 5607 And also suffysaunt clothyng Or if in sickenesse that he fal And lothe meate and drynke withal Though he have nat his meate to bye He shal bethynke him hastely To putte him out of al daungerr [1 157 bk., ¹That he of meate hath no mystere Or that he maye with lytel eke Befounden / whyle that he is seke 5616 Or that men shul hym berne in haste To lyue tyl his syckenesse be paste To some Maysondewe besyde He easte nought what shal him betyde He thynketh nought that euer he shal In to any syckenesse fal. 5622

And though it fal / as it maye be
That al be tyme spare shal he
As mokel as shal to him suffyce
Whyle he is sycke in any wyso 5626

He dothe for that he wol be
Content with his pouerte
Without nede of any manne
So moche in lytel haue he canne
He is apayde with his fortune
And for he nyl be importune
Vnto no wyght / ne onerous
Nor of her goodesse coueytous
Therfore he spareth / it maye wel bene
His poore estate for to sustene.

R if hym luste nat for to spare But suffreth forthe / as nat ne ware At laste it hapneth / as it mave 5639 Right vnto his laste daye And take the worlde as it wolde be For euer in herte thynketh he 5642 The sooner that dethe hym slo To paradyse the sooner go He shal / there for to lyue in blysse Where that he shal no good mysse 5646 Thyder he hoopeth god shal him sende After his wretched lyues ende Pythagoras him selfe reherses In a booke that the golden verses 5650 Is cleped / for the nobilyte Of the honorable dyte

Than whan thou gost thy body fro
Free in the heyre thou shalte vp go
And leauen al humanyte 5655
And purely lyue in deite
He is a foole withouten were
That troweth haue his countrey here

In erthe is nat our countre 5659

¹That may these clerkes seyne and se
In Boece of consolation [¹ Fo. C.lviii.]

Where it is maked mention 5662

Of our countre playne at the eye
By techyng of phylosophye

Where leude men myght lere wyt

Who so that wolde translaten it 5666 If he be suche that can wel lyue After his rent / may him yeue And not desyreth more to haue Than may fro pouerte him saue 5670 A wyse man sayd / as we may sene Is no man wretched / but he it wene Be he kyng / knyght / or rybaude And many a rybaude is mery and baude That swynketh / & bereth bothe day & 5675 nyght Many a burthen of great myght The whiche dothe him lasse offence For he suffreth in pacience 5678 They laugh and daunce / tryppe and synge And lay nought vp for her lyuyng But in the tauerne al dispendeth 5681 The wynnyng that god hem sendeth Than gothe he fardels for to bere With as good chere as he dyd ere To swynke and trauayle he not fayneth For to robben he disdayneth 5686 But right anon / after his swynke He gothe to tauerne for to drinke Al these are ryche in habundaunce That can thus have suffysaunce 5690 Wel more than can an vsurere As god wel knoweth / without were For an vsurer / so god me se Shal neuer for rychesse ryche be 5694 But enermore poore and indygent Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is / whom it displese
There may no marchaunt lyue at ese
His herte in suche a where is set
That it quycke brenneth to get 5700
Ne neuer shal / though he hath geten
Though he haue golde in garners yeten

For to be nedy he dredeth sore Wherfore to geten more and more He set his herte and his desvre So hote he brenneth in the fyre 5706 1 Of couetyse / that maketh him wood To purchase other mennes good. [1 158, col. 2] He vnderfongeth a great payne That vndertaketh to drinke vp Sayne For the more he drinketh ave 5711 The more he leaueth / the sothe to save Thus is thurst of false gettyng That laste euer in coueyting 5714 And the anguysshe and distresse With the fyre of gredynesse She fyghteth with him aye / and stryueth That his herte a sonder ryueth 5718 Suche gredynesse him assayleth That whan he moste hath / moste he fayleth

Physiciens / and aduocates
Gone right by the same yates 5722
They sell her science for wynnyng
And haunte her crafte for great gettyng
Her wynnyng is of suche swetnesse
That if a man fall in sicknesse
They are ful glad / for her encrese 5727
For by her wyll / without lese
Eueryche man shulde be seke
And though they dye / they set not
a leke

After whan they the golde haue take Ful lytel care for hem they make 5732 They wolde that fourty were sicke at ones Ye two hundred / in flesshe and bones And yet two thousande / as I gesse For to encresen her rychesse

They wol not worchen in no wyse
But for lucre and couetyse 5738
For physicke gynneth first by (phy)
The phisycien also sothely

5703 | And sythen it gothe fro fye to fye To truste on hem it is folve 5742 For they nyl in no maner gre Do right nought for charvte Eke in the same secte are sette Al tho that prechen for to gette 5746 Worshyps / honour / and rychesse Her hertes arne in great distresse That folke lyue not holily But abouen al specially 5750 Suche as prechen veynglorie And towarde god haue no memorie But forthe as ypocrites trace [1 1f. 158, bk.] And to her soules dethe purchace 5754 ¹And outwarde shewyng holynesse Though they be ful of cursednesse Nat lyche to the apostels twelue They disceyue other and hem selue Begyled is the gyler than 5759 For preaching of a cursed man Though to other maye profyte Him selfe it aueyleth nat a myte For ofte good predicatioun 5763 Cometh of yuel ententioun To him nat vayleth his prechyng Al helpe he other with his teachyng For where they good ensample take There is he with vayngloric shake 5768 But lette vs leuen these prechours

And speke of hem that in her tours
Heape vp her golde / and faste shette
And sore theron her herte sette 5772
They neyther loue god ne drede
They kepe more than it is nede
And in her bagges sore it bynde 5775
Out of the sonne / and of the wynde
They putte vp more than nede ware
Whan they sene poore folke forfare
For hungre dye / and for colde quake
God can wel vengeaunce therof take

The great nischeues hem assayleth And thus in gadring ave trauayleth With moche payne they wynne rychesse And drede hem holdeth in distresse To kepe that they gather faste 5785 With sorowe they leave it at the laste With sorowe they bothe dye and lyue That vnto rychesse her hertes yeue And in defaute of loue it is As it sheweth ful wel ywis 5790 For if these gredy / the sothe to sayne Loueden / and were loued agayne And good loue reigned ouer alle Suche wickednesse ne shulde fall 5794 But he shulde yeue / that moste good had To hem that weren in nede bestad And lyue without false vsure For charyte / ful clene and pure 5798 If they hem yeue to goodnesse Defendyng hem from ydelnesse In al this worlde than poore none We shulde fynde I trowe not one 5802 ¹But chaunged is this worlde vnstable For love is over al vendable We se that no man loueth nowe But for wynnyng and for prowe 5806 And lone is thralled in seruage Whan it is solde for auauntage Yet women wol her bodyes sell 5809 Suche soules gothe to the dyuel of hell.

Whan Loue had tolde hent his entent
The baronage to counsayle went
In many sentences they fyll
And dynersly they sayde her wyll 5814
But after discorde they accorded
And her acorde to Loue recorded
Sir sayden they / we ben atone
By euen accorde of euerychone 5818
Out take Rychesse al onely

That sworne hath ful hautevnly That she the castell nyl not assayle Ne smyte a stroke in this batavle 5822 With darte ne mace / speare / ne knyfe For man that speketh / or bereth the lyfe And blameth your emprise ywis And from our hoste departed is 5826 At leest way / as in this plyte So hath she this man in dispyte For she saythe he ne loued her neuer And therfore she wol hate him euer For he wol gather no tresore 5831 He hath her wrathe for euermore He agylte her neuer in other caas Lo here al holy his trespas 5834 She saythe wel / that this other day He asked her leaue to gone the way That is cleped to moche yeuvng 5837 And spake ful favre in his praying But whan he prayed her / poore was he Therfore she warned him the entre Ne vet is he not thriuen so That he hath getten a peny or two That quytely is his owne in holde Thus hath Rychesse vs all tolde And whan Rychesse vs this recorded Withouten her we ben accorded.

And we fynde in our accordance
That False Semblant and Abstynaunce
With al the folke of her batayle [Fo. C.lix]
Shul at the hynder gate assayle 5850
That Wicked Tonge hath in kepyng
With his Normans ful of ianglyng
And with hem Curtesy and Largesse
That shul shewe her hardynesse 5854
To the olde wyfe that kepte so harde
Fayre Welcomyng within her warde
Than shal Delyte and Wel Helyng
Fonde / Shame adowne to bring 5858

With al her hoost early and late They shul assaylen that ylke gate Agaynst Drede shal Hardynesse Assayle / and also Sykernesse 5862 With al the folke of her leadyng That neuer wyst what was fleyng.

Raunchise shal fyght and eke Pyte With Daungere ful of cruelte Thus is your hoost ordayned wele Downe shal the Castel euery dele 5868 If eueryche do his entent So that Venus be present Your mother ful of vesselage That canne ynough of suche vsage 5872 Withouten her maye no wight spede This werke / neither for worde ne dede Therfore is good ye for her sende 5875 For through her maye this worke amende.

T Ordynges / my mother the goddesse That is my lady / and my maistresse Nys nat al at my wyllyng? Ne dothe nat al my desyringe. Yet canne she somtyme done labour Whan that her luste in my socour As my nede is for to atcheue But nowe I thynke her nat to greue My mother is she / and of childe hede I bothe worshippe her / and eke drede For who that dredeth sire ne dame Shal it abye in body or name 5888 And natheles / yet conne we Sende after her if nede be And were she nygh she commen wolde I trowe that nothynge myght her holde

My mother is of great prowesse She hath tane many a forteresse 5894 ¹That coste hath many a pounde er this

And yet men sayd it was my dede But I come neuer in that stede 5898 Ne me ne lyketh so mote I the That suche toures ben take with me For why? Me thynketh that in no wyse It maye be cleped but marchaundyse.

O bye a courser blacke or white And paye therfore / than arte thou 5904 auite The marchaunt oweth the right nought Ne thou him whan thou it bought I wol nat sellyng clepe yeuyng 5907 For sellyng asketh no guerdonyng Here lythe no thanke / ne no meryte That one gothe from that other al quyte But this sellyng is nat semblable 5911

For whan his horse is in the stable He maye it selle agayne parde And wynnen on it / suche happe maye be Al maye the manne nat lese vwis 5915 For at the leest the skynne is his

Or els / if it so betyde That he wol kepe his horse to ryde Yet is he lorde age of his horse 5919 But thylke chaffare is welle worse There Venus entremeteth ought For who so suche chaffare hath bought He shal nat worchyn so wysely 5923 That he ne shal lese al vtterly Bothe his money / and his chaffare But the seller of the ware The prise and profyte haue shal 5927 Certayne the byer shal lese al For he ne canne so dere it bye To have lordshippe / and ful maistry Ne haue power to make lettyng 5931 Neyther for yefte ne for preachyng That of his chaffare maugre his There I nas not present ywis [1 Fo. C.lix, col. 2] Another shall have as moche ywis 5934 If he wol yeue as moche as he
Of what countrey so that he be
Or for right nought so happe maye
If he canne flatter her to her paye 5938

Bene than suche marchauntes wyse? No / but fooles in euery wyse Whan they bye suche thynge wylfully There as they lese her good folyly [leaf 159, back], But nathelesse / this dare I save 5943 My mother is nat wonte to paye For she is neither so foole ne nyce To entremete her of suche vyce 5946 But truste wel / he shal paye al That repent of his bargayne shall Whan pouerte putte him in distresse Al were he scholer to Rychesse 5950 That is for me in great vernyng Whan she assenteth to my wyllyng.

BVt my mother saynt Venus
And by her father Saturnus 5954
That her engendred by his lyfe
But nat vpon his wedded wyfe
Yet wol I more vnto you swere
To make this thyng the surere 5958

Nowe by that faithe / and that beaute That I owe to al my bretherne free Of whiche there nys wight vnder heuyn That canne her fathers names neuyn So dyuers and so many there be 5963 That with my mother haue be pryue Yet wol I swere for sickernesse The Pole of helle to my wytnesse 5966 Nowe drynke I nat this yere clarre If that I lye / or forsworne be For of the goddes the vsage is That who so him forswereth amys 5970 Shal that yere drynke no clarre

Nowe haue I sworne ynough parde If I forswere me than am I lorne But I wol neuer be forsworne 5974
Sithe Rychesse hath me fayled here
She shal abye that trespas ful dere
Atte leestwaye but her arme 5977
With swerde / or sparth / or gysarme

For certes sythe she loueth nat me
Fro thylke tyme that she maye se
The castel and the toure to shake
In sorye tyme she shal a wake
If I maye grype a ryche manne
I shal so pulle him / if I canne
That he shal in a fewe stoundes

5985
Lese al his markes / and his poundes

I shal him make his pens out slynge But they in his garner sprynge [11f, 159, bk., col. 2] Our maydens shal eke plucke him so That him shal neden fethers mo 5990 And make him selfe his londe to spende But he the bette conne him defende,

Poore men han made her lorde of me Al though they nat so mightye be That they maye fede me in delyte 5995 I wol nat haue hem in dispyte No good man hateth hem / as I gesse For chynche and feloun is richesse That so canne chase hem and dispyse And hem defoule in sondrye wyse 6000 They louen ful bette / so god me spede Than dothe the riche chynchy grede And bene (in good faythe) more stable And trewer / and more seruyable And therfore it suffyseth me Her good herte / and her beaute 6006 They han on me sette al her thought And therfore I foryet hem nought.

I wol hem bringe in great noblesse I / that I were god of Rychesse 6010 As I am god of Loue sothely Suche routhe vpon her playnt haue I

Therfore I muste his socour be
That payneth him to seruen me
For if he deyde for loue of this
Than semeth in me no loue there is

Sir sayde they / sothe is enerydele That ye reherce / and we wote wele Thylke othe to holde is resonable 6019 For it is good and couenable That ye on riche men han sworne For sir / this wote we wel beforne 6022 If riche men done you homage That is as fooles done outrage But ye shul nat forsworne be Ne lette therfore to drynke clarre 6026 Or pyment maked fresshe and newe Ladyes shul hem suche pepyr brewe If that they fal in to her laas That they for wo mowe sayne alas 6030 Ladyes shullen euer so curteis be That they shal quyte your othe al free Ne seketh neuer other vicayre For they shal speke with hem so favre ¹That ye shal holde ye payde ful wele Though ye you medle neuer a dele [1 Fo. Late ladyes worche with her thynges They shal hem tel so fele tydinges 6038 And moue hem eke so many requestes By flatery / that not honest is And therto yeue hem suche thankynges What with kyssyng / and with talkynges That certes if they trowed be 6043 Shal neuer leaue hem londe ne fee That it nyll as the moeble fare Of whiche they first delyuered are 6046 Nowe may ye tell vs al your wyll And we your hestes shal fulfyll.

BVt False semblant dare not for drede My tales shulden me be quyt
Of you sir / medle him of this dede For certayne they wolde hate me

For he saythe / that ye ben his fo He not / if ye wol worche him wo 6052 Wherfore we praye you al beausire That ye forgyue him nowe your ire And that he may dwell as your man With Abstynence his dere lemman 6056 This our acorde and our wyll nowe

Parfey sayd Loue / I graunt it you I wol wel holde him for my man 6059 Nowe let him come / and he forthe ran False semblant (quod Loue) in this

I take the here to my seruyce 6062 That thou our frendes helpe alway And hyndreth hem neyther nyght ne day But do thy myght hem to releue 6065 And eke our enemyes that thou greue Thyne be this might / I graunt it the My kyng of harlotes shalte thou be We wol that thou have suche honour Certayne thou arte a false traytour 6070 And eke a thefe / sythe thou were borne A thousande tymes thou arte forsworne But nathelesse in our heryng To put our folke out of doutyng I bydde the teche hem / wost thou howe? By some general signe nowe In what place thou shalt founden be If that men had myster of the 6078 And howe men shal the best espye For the to knowe is great maistrye Tel in what place is thyn hauntyng

¹Sir I haue ful dyuers wonnyng 6082 That I kepe not rehersed be [1 16.160, col. 2] So that ye wolde respyten me For if that I tel you the sothe I may haue harme and shame bothe If that my felowes wysten it 6087 My tales shulden me be quyt For certayne they wolde hate me If euer I knewe her cruelte 6090
For they wolde ouer al holde hem styll
Of trouthe / that is agayne her wyll
Suche tales kepen they not here
I myght eftsone bye it ful dere 6094
If I sayd of hem any thyng
That aught displeaseth to her heryng
For what worde that hem pricke or
byteth

In that worde none of hem delyteth Al were it gospel the enangyle 6099 That wolde reproue hem of her gyle For they are cruell and hautayne And this thyng wote I wel certayne If I speke aught to payre her loos 6103 Your courte shal not so wel be closs That they ne shal wyte it at last Of good men am I nought agast 6106 For they wol taken on hem nothyng Whan that they knowe al my meanyng But he that wol it on him take He wol him selfe suspecious make That he his lyfe let couertly In gyse and in Ipocrisy 6112 That me engendred and yaue fostryng

They made a ful good engendring (Quod Loue) for who so sothly tell They engendred the dyuel of hell.

But nedely / howe so euer it be
(Quod Loue) I wyl and charge the 6118
To tell anon thy wonnyng places
Heryng eche wight that in this place is
Aud what lyfe that thou lyuest also
Hyde it no lenger nowe / wherto? 6122
Thou must discouer al thy wurchyng
Howe thou seruest / and of what thyng
Though that thou shuldest for thy sothe
sawe

Ben alto beaten and to drawe

6126

And yet arte thou not wont parde
But nathelesse / though thou beten be
¹Thou shalt not be the first that so
Hath for sothsawe suffred wo.

[1 Fo. C.lx, back]

Sir / sythe that it may lyken you Though that I shulde be slayne right nowe

I shal done your commaundement
For therto haue I great talent. 6134

Withouten wordes mo / right than False Semblant his sermon began And sayd hem thus in audyence 6137

Barons / take hede of my sentence
That wight that lyste to haue knowyng
Of False semblant / ful of flateryng
He must in worldly folke him seke
And certes in the cloysters eke 6142
I won no where / but in hem twey
But not lyke euen / sothe to say
Shortly I wol herberowe me
There I hope best to hulstred be 6146
And certainly / sykerest hydyng
Is vnderneth humblest clothyng

Relygious folke ben ful couerte
Seculer folke ben more apperte
But nathelesse / I wol not blame
Religyous folke / ne hem diffame
In what habyte that euer they go
Religyon humble / and trewe also
Wol I not blame / ne dispyse
But I nyl looue it in no wyse
I meane of false relygious
That stoute ben / and malycious
That wollen in an habyte go
And setten not her herte therto.

R Elygious folke ben al pytous 6161
Thou shalt not sene one dispytous

They louen no pride / ne no stryfe
But humbly they wol lede her lyfe
With whiche folke wol I neuer be
And if I dwell / I fayne me 6166
I may wel in her habyt go
But me were leuer my necke a two
Than lette a purpose that I take
What couenaunt that euer I make 6170

I dwell with hem that proude be
And ful of wyles and subtelte
That worshyp of this worlde coueyten
And great nede connen expleyten [160 bk., col. 2]
And gon and gadren great pytaunces
And purchace hem the acqueyntaunces
Of men that mighty lyfe may leden
And fayne hem poore / and hem selfe
feden 6178

With good morcels delycious
And drinken good wyne precyous
And preche vs pouert and distresse
And fysshen hem selfe great rychesse
With wyly nettes / that they caste
It wol come foule out at the laste 6184

They ben fro clene relygion went
They make the worlde an argument
That hath a foule conclusyon
I have a robe of religyon
Than am I al religyous
This argument is al roignous
It is not worthe a croked brere
Habyt ne maketh neyther monke ne frere
But clene lyfe and deuocion
Maketh good men of religyon

6194

Nathelesse / there can none answere Howe hygh that euer his heed he shere With rasour whetted neuer so kene That gyle in braunches cutte thurtene That can no wight distyncte it so That he dare say a worde therto. 6200

But what herberowe that euer I take ROMAUNT.

Or what semblant that euer I make
I meane but gyle / and folowe that
For right no more than gybbe our cat
(That awayteth myce & rattes to kyllen)
Ne entende I but to begylen 6206
Ne no wight may / by my clothyng
Wete with what folke is my dwellyng
Ne by my wordes yet parde
So softe and so plesaunt they be 6210

Beholde the dedes that I do
But thou be blynde thou oughtest so
For varye her wordes fro her dede
They thynke on gyle without drede 6214
What maner clothyng that they were
Or what estate that euer they bere
Lered or leude / lorde or lady 6217
Knyght / squyer / burgeys / or bayly.

Right thus whyle False semblant sermoneth [1 Fo. C.Ixi.]

Efte sones Loue him aresoneth 6220

1 And brake his tale in his speakyng

As though he had him tolde leasyng

And sayd: What dyuel is that I here?

What folke haste thou vs nempned here?

Maye men fynde relygioun

In worldly habytatioun? 6226

Ye sir / it foloweth nat that they

Shulde lede a wicked lyfe parfey
Ne nat therfore her soules lese
That hem to worldly clothes chese 6230
For certes it were great pyte
Menne maye in seculer clothes se
Florisshen hooly relygioun
Ful many a saynt in felde and towne
With many a virgyn glorious
Deuoute / and ful relygious 6236
Han dyed / that commen clothe aye beren
Yet seyntes neuerthelesse they weren
I coude recken you many a ten

Ye / welnygh al these holy women 6240 |
That menne in churches herry and seke |
Bothe maydens / and these wyues eke |
That baren ful many a fayre chylde here |
Weared alwaye clothes seculere 6244 |
And in the same dyden they |
That sayntes weren / and ben alwaye.

¶ The .xi. thousande maydens dere
That beren in heuen her cierges clere
Of whiche men rede in churche and syng
Were take in seculer clothyng 6250
Whan they receyued martyrdome
And wonnen heuen vnto her home
Good herte maketh the good thought
The clothynge yeueth ne reueth nought
The good thought and the worchyng
That maketh the relygion flouryng
There lyeth the good relygioun
After the right ententioun. 6258

Who so tooke a wethers skynne
And wrapped a gredy wolfe therinne
For he shulde go with lambes white
Wenest thou nat he wolde hem byte?
Yes: Neuerthelesse / as he were wode
He wolde hem wirry / and drinke the
blode 6264

And wel the rather hem disceyue
For sithe they coude nat perceyue
His tregette / and his cruelte

[1 Fo. C.l.vi, col. 2]

1 They wolde him folowe al the he flye.

There be wolves of suche hewe
Amonges these apostles newe 6270
Thou holy churche thou mayste be
wayled

Sythe that thy cyte is assayled Through knyghtes of thyn owne table God wot thy lordshyp is doutable 6274 If they enforce it to wyn That shulde defende it fro within

Who myght defence ayenst hem make Without stroke it mote be take 6278 Of trepeget or mangonel Without displaying of pensel And if god nyl done it socour But let renne in this colour 6282 Thou must thy heestes letten be Than is there nought / but yelde the Or youe hem trybute doutles And holde it of hem to have pees 6286 But greater harme betyde the That they al maister of it be Wel conne they scorne the withall By day stuffen they the wall 6290 And al the nyght they mynen there Nay / thou planten muste els where Thyn ympes / if thou wolt fruite haue Abyde not there thy selfe to saue. 6294

B Vt nowe peace / here I turne agayne
I wol no more of this thynge fayne If I may passen me hereby I might maken you wery 6298 But I wol heten you alway To helpe your frendes what I may So they wollen my company For they be shent al vtterly 6302 But if so fall / that I be Ofte with hem / and they with me And eke my lemman mote they serue Or they shul not my loue deserve 6306 Forsothe I am a fals traytour God iuged me for a thefe trechour Forsworne I am / but wel nygh none Wote of my gyle / tyl it be done. 6310

Through me hath many one deth receyued

That my treget neuer aperceyued And yet receyueth / and shal receyue

¹That my falsnesse shal neuer aperceyue But who so dothe / if he wyse be [1 1f. 161, back] Him is ryght good be ware of me But so slyghe is the aperceyuynge That al to late cometh knowynge 6318 For Protheus that coude him chaunge In euery shappe / homely and straunge Coude neuer suche gyle ne treasoune As I / for I come neuer in towne There as I myght knowen be 6323 Though men me bothe myght here and se Ful wel I canne my clothes chaunge Take one / and make another straunge Nowe am I knyght / nowe chastelayne Nowe prelate / and nowe chapelayne Nowe preest / nowe clerke / and nowe 6329 fostere

Nowe am I maister / nowe scholere Nowe monke / nowe chanon / nowe bayly What euer myster manne am I

Nowe am I prince / nowe am I page And canne by herte euery langage 6334 Somtyme am I hoore and olde

Nowe am I yonge / stoute / and bolde Nowe am I Robert / nowe Robyn Nowe Frere mynor / nowe Iacobyn And with me followeth my loteby 6339 To done me solace and company That hight dame Abstynence / and raigned

In many a queynt arraye fayned 6342Ryght as it cometh to her lykyng I fulfyl al her desyringe

Somtyme a womans clothe take I Nowe am I mayde / nowe lady 6346 Somtyme I am relygious Nowe lyke an anker in an hous Somtyme am I prioresse And nowe a nonne / and nowe abbesse And go through al regiouns 6351

Sekynge al relygiouns

But to what order that I am sworne I take the strawe and beate the corne To iolye folke I enhabyte 6355

I aske no more but her habite

What wol ye more in euery wyse Ryght as me lyste I me disgyse?

Wel canne I beare me vnder wede Vnlyke is my worde to my dede Thus make I in to my trappes fal ¹The people / through my priuyleges al That bene in christendome a lyue [1 161 bk., col. 2]

I maye assoyle / and I maye shryue That no prelate maye lette me Al folke / where euer they founde be I not no prelate may done so But it the Pope be / and no mo That made thilke establisshyng 6369 Nowe is not this a propre thyng? But were my sleights aperceyued1 As I was wonte / and woste thow whye? For I dyd hem a tregetry 6374 But therof yeue I a lytel tale I have the syluer and the male Lo haue I preched and eke shriuen Lo haue I take / so haue I yeuen 6378 Through her foly / husbonde and wyfe That I lede right a joly lyfe Through symplnesse of the prelacye They knowe not al my tregettrye. 6382 [1 line 6374 'Ne shulde I more ben receyved' is left out.]

Vt for as moche as man and wyfe Shulde shewe her parisshe preest her lyfe

Ones a yere / as saythe the boke Er any wight his housel toke 6386 Than haue I priuyleges large That may of moche thyng discharge For he may say right thus parde

Sir preest / in shrifte I tel it the 6390

That he to whom that I am shriuen
Hath me assoyled / and me yeuen
Penaunce sothlye for my syn
Whiche that I fonde me gilty in 6394
Ne I ne haue neuer entencion
To make double confession
Ne reherce efte my shrift to the
O shrift is right ynough to me 6398
This ought the suffyse wele
Ne be not rebell neuer a dele
For certes / though thou haddest it
sworne

I wote no preest ne prelate borne 6402 That may to shrift efte me constrayne And if they done I wol me playne For I wote where to playne wele Thou shalt not streyne me a dele 6406 Ne enforce me / ne not me trouble To make my confessyon double Ne I have none affection 6409 To have double absolution [Fo. C.lxii.] The first is right ynough to me The latter assoyling quyte I the I am vnbounde / what mayst thou fynde More of my synnes me to vnbynde 6414 For he that might hath in his honde Of al my synnes me vnbonde And if thou wolte me thus constrayne That me mote nedes on the playne 6418 There shal no iuge impervall Ne bysshop / ne offyciall Done iugement on me / for I Shal gone and playne me openly 6422 Vnto my shriftfather newe That hyght Frere wolfe vntrewe And he shal chuse him for me For I trowe he can hamper the But lorde he wolde be wrothe withall If men him wolde Frere wolfe call For he wolde haue no pacience -

But done al cruell vengience 6430 He wolde his myght done at the leest Nothyng spare for goddes heest And god so wyse be my socour But thou yeue me my sauyour 6434 At Eester / whan it lyketh me Without preasyng more on the I wol forthe / and to him gone And he shal housell me anon 6438 For I am out of thy grutchyng I kepe not deale with the nothyng Thus may he shriue him / that for-6441 His parysshe preest / and to me taketh And if the preest wol him refuse I am ful redy him to accuse And him punisshe and hamper so That he his churche shal for go. 6446

The consequence of suche shriuyng

Shal sene / that preest may neuer haue might

To knowe the conscience a right. 6450

Of him / that is vnder his cure

And this is ayenst holy scripture

That byddeth euery heerd honest

Haue very knowyng of his beest 6454

But poore folke that gon by strete

That haue no golde / ne sommes grete

Hem wolde I let to her prelates [Fo.C.lxii., col. 2]

Or let her preestes knowe her states

For to me right nought yeue they

And why it is / for they ne may 6460

But who so hath in his felyng

They ben so bare / I take no kepe
But I wol haue the fatte shepe
Let parisshe preestes haue the lene
I yeue not of her harme a bene
And if that prelates grutche it [1 *0]
That oughten woth 1 be in her wyt 6466

To lese her fatte beestes so
I shal yeue hem a stroke or two
That they shal lesen with force 6469
Ye / bothe her mytre and her croce

Thus iape I hem / and haue do longe My priuileges ben so stronge.

False Semblant wolde haue stynted 6473 But Loue ne made him no suche chere That he was wery of his sawe But for to make him glad and fawe He said / Tel on more specially Howe that thou seruest vntruely 6478 Tel forthe / and shame the neuer a dele For as thyn habyt sheweth wele Thou seruest an holy Heremyte 6481 · Sothe is / but I am but an ypocryte Thou gost and prechest pouerte? ye sir / but rychesse hathe poste Thou prechest abstynence also? Sir / I wol fyllen so mote I go My paunche / of good meate and wyne As shulde a maister of diuyne For huwe¹ that I me poore fayne [1 80] Yet al poore folke I disdayne. 6490

Loue better the acqueyntaunce
Ten tymes of the kyng of Fraunce
Than of a poore man of mylde mode
Though that his soule be also good 6494
For whan I se beggers quakyng
Naked on myxins al stynkyng
For hongre crye / and eke for care
I entremet not of her fare 6498
They ben so poore / and ful of pyne
They might not ones yeue me a dyne
For they haue nothyng but her lyfe

What shulde he yeue that lycketh his knyfe? 6502 It is but folly to entremete [Fo. C.lxii., back] To seke in houndes nest fatte mete Lette beare hem to the spyttle anone But for me / comforte gette they none But a riche sicke vsurere 6507 Wolde I visyte and drawe nere Him wol I comforte and rehete For I hoope of his golde to gete And if that wicked dethe him have I wol go with him to his graue 6512 And if there any reproue me Why that I lette the poore be Wost thou howe I not ascape I saye and swere him ful rape 6516 That riche menne han more tetches Of synne / than han poore wretches And hanne of counsayle more myster And therfore I wolde drawe hem ner But as great hurte / it maye so be 6521 Hath a soule in right great pouerte As soule in great richesse forsothe Al be it that they hurten bothe For richesse and mendicitees 6525 Bene cleped two extremytees The meane is cleped Suffysaunce There lyeth of vertue the aboundaunce For Salomon ful wel I wote In his Parables vs wrote 6530 As it is knowe of many a wight In his thrittene chapiter right God thou me kepe for thy poste 6534

For Salomon for well 1 wote

In his Parables vs wrote

As it is knowe of many a wight

In his thrittene chapiter right

God thou me kepe for thy poste

Fro richesse and mendycite

For if a riche manne him dresse

To thynke to moche on richesse

His herte on that so ferre is sette

That he his creatour dothe foryette 6538

And him that beggeth wol aye greue

Howe shulde I by his worde him leue

Vnneth that he nys a mycher Forsworne / or els goddes lyer Thus saithe Salomon sawes

Ne we fynde written in no lawes And namely in our christen laye 6545 Who so saithe ye / I dare say naye That Christ / ne his apostels dere While that they walked in erthe here Were neuer seen herbred beggyng 6549 For they nolden beggen for nothyng

And right thus were men wont to teche [If. 162, back, col. 2]

And in this wyse wolde it preche

The msisters of dyuinyte [so]

Somtyme in Parys the cyte. [80]

Nd if men wolde there gayne appose The naked texte and lette the glose It myght soone assoyled be For menne maye wel the sothe se 6558 That pardie they myght aske a thynge Plainly forthe without beggynge For they weren goddes heerdes dere And cure of soules hadden here 6562 They nolde nothynge begge her foode For after Christ was done on rodde With their proper hondes they wrought And with traueyle / and els nought They wonnen al her sustenaunce 6567 And lyuedon forthe in her penaunce And the remenaunt vaf awaye To other poore folkes always 6570 They neither bylden towre ne halle

They neither bylden towre ne halle But they in houses smal with alle

A mighty man that canne and maye Shulde with his honde and body alwaye Wynne him his foode in laboring 6575 If he ne haue rent or suche a thyng Al though he be relygious And god to seruen curyous

Thus mote he done / or do trespas

But if it be in certayne caas 6580

That I can reherce / if myster be
Right wel / whan the tyme I se.

Seke the boke of saynt Austyne
Be it in paper or perchmyne 6584
There as he writte of these worchynges
Thou shalt sene that none excusynges

A parfyte man ne shulde seke By wordes / ne by dedes eke Al though he be religyous 6589 And god to seruen curyous That he ne shal / so mote I go With propre hondes / and body also Get his fode in laboring If he ne haue proprete of thyng 6594 Yet shulde he sell al his substaunce And with his swynke haue sustenaunce If he be parfyte in bounte [Fo. C.lxiii.] Thus han the bookes tolde me 6598 For he that wol gone ydelly And vseth it aye besyly To haunten other mennes table He is a trechour ful of fable 6602 Ne he ne may by good reason Excuse him by his orison For men behoueth in some gyse Ben somtyme in goddes seruyse 6606 To gone and purchasen her nede

Men mote eaten / that is no drede
And slepe / and eke do other thyng
So longe may they leaue prayeng 6610
So may they eke her prayer blynne
Whyle that they werke her meate to
wynne

Seynt Austyn wol therto accorde
In thilke boke that I recorde 6614

Iustinian eke / that made lawes Hath thus forboden by olde sawes. No man / vp payne to be deed 6617 Mighty of body / to begge his breed If he may swynke it for to gete Men shulde him rather mayme or bete Or done of him aperte iustyce Than suffren him in suche malyce 6622

They done not wel so mote I go
That taken suche almesse so
But if they have somme privilege
That of the payne hem wol alege 6626

But howe that is / can I not se
But if the prince disceyued be
Ne I ne wene not sykerly
That they may haue it rightfully 6630

But I wol not determyne Of princes power / ne defyne Ne by my worde comprehende iwys If it so ferre may stretche in this 6634 I wol not entremete a dele But I trowe that the boke saythe wele Who that taketh almesses / that be Dewe to folke that men may se 6638 Lame / feble / wery / and bare Poore / or in suche maner care That conne wynne hem neuer mo For they have no power therto 6642 He eateth his owne dampnyng [1 163, col. 2] But if he lye / that made al thyng And if ye suche a truaunt fynde Chastyse him wel / if ye be kynde 6646 But they wolde hate you parcaas If ye fyllen in her laas

They wolde eftsones do you scathe
If that they might / late or rathe 6650
For they be not ful pacient
That han the worlde thus foule blent
And weteth wel / that god bad
The good man sell al that he had 6654
And folowe him / and to poore it yeue
He wolde not therfore that he lyue

To serven him in mendience
For it was never his sentence 6658
But he bad werken / whan that nede is
And followe him in good dedes

Saynt Poule / that loued al holy churche

He bade the apostels for to wurche And wynnen her lyuelode in that wyse And hem defended truandyse 6664 And sayd / werketh with your honden Thus shulde the thyng be vnderstonden

He nolde iwys haue byd hem beggyng Ne sellen gospel / ne prechyng 6668 Lest they berafte / with her askyng ´ Folke of her catel or of her thyng

For in this worlde is many a man
That yeueth his good / for he ne can
Werne it for shame / or els he 6673
Wolde of the asker delyuered be
And for he him encombreth so
He yeueth him good to late him go
But it can him no thyng profyte 6677
They lese the yefte and the meryte

The good folke that Poule to preched Profred him ofte / whan he hem teched Some of her good in charyte 6681 But therfore right nothyng toke he But of his hondewerke wolde he gete Clothes to wryne him / and his mete.

Tell me than howe a man may lyuen That al his good to poore hath yeuen And wol but onely bydde his bedes And neuer with hondes labour his nedes Maye he do so? Ye sir: And howe? Sir / I wol gladly tell you 6690

¹ Seynt Austen saythe / a man may be In houses that han properte [1 lf. 163, bk.] As templers / and hospytelers And as these chanons regulers 6694 Or whyte monkes / or these blake
I wol no mo ensamples make
And take therof his susteynyng
For therin lythe no beggyng 6698
But otherwayes not ywis
Yet Austyne gabbeth not of this
And yet ful many a monke laboureth
That god in holy churche honoureth
For whan her swynkyng is agon 6703
They rede and synge in churche anon.

And for there hath ben great discorde
As many a wight may beare recorde
Vpon the estate of mendicience 6707
I wol shortly in your presence
Tel howe a man may begge at nede
That hath not wherwith him to fede
Maugre his felowes iangelynges 6711
For sothfastnesse wol none hydynges
And yet parcase I may abey
That I to you sothly thus sey. 6714

O here the case especial
If a man be so bestyal
That he of no crafte hath science
And nought desyreth ignorence 6718
Than may he go a beggyng yerne
Tyl he some maner crafte can lerne
Through whiche without truandyng
He may in trouthe haue his lyuyng

Or if he may done no labour 6723
For elde / or sicknesse / or langour
Or for his tendre age also
Than may he yet a beggyng go 6726

Or if he have perauenture
Through vsage of his noriture
Lyued ouer delyciously
Than oughten good folke comenly 6730
Han of his mischefe some pyte
And suffren him also / that he

May gon aboute and begge his breed
That he be not for honger deed 6734
Or if he haue of crafte connyng
And strength also / and desyring
To worchen / as he had what [163 bk., col. 2]
But he fynde neyther this ne that 6738
Than may he begge tyl that he
Haue getten his necessyte

Or if his wynnyng be so lyte
That his labour wol not acquyte 6742
Suffyciantly al his lyuyng
Yet may he go his breed beggyng
Fro doore to doore / he may go trace
Tyl he the remenant may purchase 6746

Or if a man wolde vndertake Any emprise for to make In the rescous of our lay And it defenden / as he may 6750 Be it with armes / or lettrure Or other couenable cure If it be so he poore be Than may he begge / tyll that he 6754 May fynde in trouthe for to swynke And get him clothe / meate / and drinke Swynke he with his hondes corporell And not with hondes espyrituell. 6758 TN al this case / and in semblables If that there ben mo resonables He may begge / as I tell you here And els not / in no manere As Willyam Seynt Amour wolde preche And ofte wolde dispute and teche Of this mater al openly At Parys ful solemply 6766 And also go'l my soule blesse As he had in this stedfastnesse The accorde of the vninersite And of the people / as semeth me. 6770

No good man ought it to refuse

Ne ought him therof to excuse
Be wrothe or blythe / who so be
For I wol speke / and tell it the 6774
Al shulde I dye / and be put doun
As was seynt Poule in derke prisoun
Or be exiled in this caas
With wronge / as mayster William was
That my mother Hypoerise 6779
Banysshed for her great enuye.

My mother flemed him Seynt Amour This noble dyd suche labour 6782 To susteyne euer the loyalte [Fo. C.lxiiii.] That he to moche agylte me He made a boke / and let it write Wherin his lyfe he dyd al write 6786 And wolde yehe renyed beggyng And lyued by my traueylyng If I ne had rent ne other good 6789 What weneth he that I were wood? For labour might me neuer plese I have more wyl to ben at ese And have wel leuer / sothe to say Before the people pattre and pray 6794 And wrie me in my foxerie Vnder a cope of papelardie.

(Quod Loue) what dyuel is this that I here

What wordes tellest thou me here 6798
What sir Falsnesse that apert is
Than dredest thou not god? No certis
For selde in great thyng shal he spede
In this worlde / that god wol drede
For folke that hem to vertue yeuen
And truely on her owne lyuen 6804
And hem in goodnesse aye contene
On hem is lytel thrifte ysene
Suche folke drinken great misese
That lyfe may me neuer plese 6808

But se what golde han vsurers And syluer eke in garners Taylagiers / and these monyours Bayliffes / bedels / pronost / countours These lyuen wel nygh by rauyne The smale people hem mote enclyne And they as wolues wol hem eten Vpon the poore folke they geten Ful moche of that they spende or kepe Nys none of hem that he nyl strepe 6818 And wrine hem selfe wel at full Without scaldyng / they hem pull The stronge the feble ouergothe But I that weare my symple clothe 6822 Robbe bothe robbyng and robbours And gyle gyling / and gylours By my treget / I gather and threst The great tresour in to my cheste 6826 That lyeth with me so faste bounde Myn hygh paleys do I founde And my delytes I fulfyll 6829 1 With wyne at feestes / at my wyll And tables ful of entremees [1 1f. 164, col. 2] I wol no lyfe / but ease and pees And wynne golde to spende also For whan the great bagge is go 6834 It cometh right with my iapes Make I not wel tomble myn apes To wynnen is alway myn entent My purchace is better than my rent For though I shulde beten be 6839 Ouer al I entremet me Without me may no wight dure I walke soules for to cure 6842 Of al the worlde cure haue I In brede and length boldly I wol bothe preche / and eke coun saylen With hondes wyl I not trauaylen 6846 6808 For of the Pope I have the bull

I ne holde not my wyttes dull
I wol not stynten in my lyue
These Emperours for to shriue 6850
Of kynges / dukes / and lordes grete
But poore folke al quyte I lete
I loue no suche shriuyng parde
But it for other cause be 6854
I recke not of poore men
Her astate is not worthe an hen
Where fyndest thou a swynker of labour

Haue me vnto his confessour? 6858 But Empresses / and duchesses These quenes / and eke countesses These abbesses / and eke bygyns These great ladyes palasyns 6862 These iolye knyghtes / and bayliues These nonnes / and these burgeys wyues That ryche ben / and eke plesyng And these maydens welfaryng 6866 Where so they clad or naked be Vncounsayled gothe there none fro me And for her soules sauete At lorde and lady / and her meyne 6870 I aske / whan they hem to me shrine The proprete of al her lyue And make hem trowe / bothe moste and leest

Her parysshe preest nys but a beest 6874
Ayens me and my company
That shrewes ben / as great (as I)
For whiche I wol not hyde in holde
No pryuite that me is tolde [Fo. C.IXIIII, bk.]
That I by worde or signe ywis 6879
Ne wol make hem knowe what it is
And they wollen also tellen me
They hele fro me no pryuite 6882
And for to make you hem parceyuen
That vsen folke thus to disceyuen
I wol you sayne withouten drede

What menne maye in the Gospel rede
Of saynt Mathue the gospelere 6887
That saythe / as I shal you saye here.

Pon the chayre of Moyses Thus it is glosed doublees 6890 (That is the olde Testament For therby is the chayre ment) Sytte Scribes and Pharysen That is to sayne / the cursed men 6894 Whiche that we hypocrites call Dothe that they preche I rede you all But dothe nat as they done a dele That bene nat wery to saye wele 6898 But to do wel / no wyl haue they And they wolde bynde on folke alwaye That bene to begyled able Burdons that ben importable 6902 On folkes shulders thynges they couchen That they nyl with her fyngers touchen And why wol they nat touche it why? For hem ne lyste nat sykerly For sadde burdons that men taken Make folkes shulders aken

And if they do ought that good be
That is for folke it shulde se 6910
Her burdons larger maken they
And make her hemmes wyde alwaye
And louen seates at the table
The fyrste / and most honorable 6914
And for to hanne the firste chayris
In synagogges / to hem ful dere is
And wyllen that folke hem loute and
grete 6917
Whan that they passen through the

Whan that they passen through the strete

And wollen be cleped maister also But they ne shulde nat wyllen so The gospel is there agaynst I gesse That sheweth wel her wickednesse, 6922

Nother custome vse we Of hem that wol avenst vs be We hate him deedly euerychone And we wol werrey him / as one 6926 Him that one hateth / hate we al And conjecte / howe to done him fal And if we sene him wynne honour Rychesse or preyse / through his valour Prouende / rente / or dignyte 6931 Ful faste ywis compassen we By what ladder he is clomben so And for to maken him downe to go With trayson we wol hym defame 6935 And done him lese his good name

Thus from his ladder we him take
And thus his frendes foes we make 6938
But worde ne wete shal he noon
Tyl al his frendes bene his foon
For if we dyd it openly
We myght haue blame redily 6942
For hadde he wyste of our malyce
He hadde him kepte / but he were nyce.

Another is this / that if so fall 6945
That there be one amonge vs all
That dothe a good tourne / out of drede
We sayne it is our alder dede
Ye sykerly / though he it fayned 6949
Or that him lyste / or that him dayned
A manne through him auaunced be
Therof al parceners be we
And tellen folke / where so we go 6953
That manne through vs is sprongen so

And for to have of menne preysyng
We purchase through our flatterynge
Of riche menne of great poste
Letters / to wytnesse our bounte 6958
So that manne weneth that maye vs se
That al vertue in vs be

And alwaye poore we vs fayne 6961

But howe so that we begge or playne We bene the folke without leasyng That al thynge haue without hauyng

Thus be we dradde of the people ywis And gladly my purpose is this. 6966

¶ I deale with no wight / but he
Haue golde and treasour great plente
Her acqueyntaunce wel loue I
This is moche my desyre shortely 6970
I entremete me of brocages

I make peace / and mariages [Fo. C.Jxv.]
I am gladly executour
And many tymes a procuratour 6974
I am somtyme messagere

That falleth nat to my mystere

And many tymes I make enqueste

For me that offyce is nat honest 6978

To deale with other mennes thynge

That is to me a great lykynge

And if that ye haue ought to do

In place that I repeyre to 6982

I shal it speden through my wyt

As soone as ye haue tolde me it

So that ye serue me to paye

My seruyce shal be yours alwaye 6986

But who so wol chastyce me
Anone my loue loste hath he
For I loue no manne in no gyse
That wol me repreue / or chastice 6990
But I wolde al folke vndertake
And of no wight no teachynge take
For I that other folke chastye
Wol not be taught fro my folye. 6994

Loue none Hermytage more
Al desertes / and holtes hoore
And great woodes euerychone
I lette hem to the Baptyst Iohn 6998
I queth him quyte and hem relesse
Of Egipte al the wyldernesse

To ferre were al my mansyons
Fro al cytees and good towns 7002

My paleys and myne house make I
There menne maye renne in openly
And saye that I the worlde forsake
But al amydde I bylde / and make 7006
My house / and swymme and playe
theringe

Bette than a fysshe dothe with his fynne.

OF Antechristes menne am I
Of whiche that Christ sayth
openly 7010

They have habyte of holynesse
And lyuen in suche wickednesse
To the copye / if him talent toke
Of the Euangelystes booke
7014
There myght he se by great traysoun
Ful many false comparysoun

As moche as through his great myght Be it of heate or of lyght [Fo. C.lxv, col. 2] The sonne surmounteth the moone 7019 That troubler is / and chaungeth soone And the nutte kyrnel the shelle I skorne nat that I you telle 7022

Right so withouten any gyle
Surmounteth this noble Euangyle
The worde of any Euangelyst 7025
And to her tytell they token Christ
And many suche comparysoun
Of whiche I make no mencioun
Myght menne in that booke fynde
Who so coude of hem haue mynde, 7030

The vnyuersyte that the was a slepe Gan for to brayde / and taken kepe And at the noyse / the heed vp cast No neuer sythen slepte it fast 7034 But vp it sterte / and armes tooke Ayenst this false horyble booke

Al redy batayle for to make

And to the Iuge the booke they take

But they that broughten the boke
there 7039

Hent it anone awaye for fere
They nolde shewe it no more a dele
But than it kepte / and kepen wele
Tyll suche a tyme that they maye se
That they so stronge woxen be 7044
That no wight maye hem wel withstonde
For by that boke they durst nat stonde
Awaye they gonne it for to bere
For they ne durste nat answere
By exposytioun no gloose
To that that clerkes wol appose 7050
Ayenst the cursednesse ywis
That in that booke written is

Nowe wotte I nat / ne I can nat se
What maner ende that there shal be
Of al this that they hyde 7055
But yet algate they shal abyde
Tyl that they maye it bette defende
This trowe I best wol be her ende. 7058

Thus Antechrist abyden we For we bene al of his meyne And what manne that wol nat be so Right soone he shal his lyfe for go 7062

Outwarde Lamben semen we Ful of goodnesse and of pyte [Fo. C.lxv, bk.] And inwarde we withouten fable Bene gredy Wolues rauysable. 7066

We enuyroun bothe londe and see With al the worlde werryen we We wol ordayne of al thynge Of folkes good / and her lyuyng. 7070

If there be castell or cytee Wherin that any bougerons be Al though that they of Myllayne were For therof bene they blamed there 7074
Or of a wyght out of measure
Wolde leane her golde / and take vsure
For that he is so coueytous
Or if he be to Lecherous 7078
Or these that haunten Simonye
Or Prouost ful of trechery
Or Prelate lyueng iolylye
Or preest that halte his queyn him by
Or olde hoores hostylers 7083
Or other baudes or bordellers
Or els blamed of any vyce
Of whiche men shulden done iustyce

By al the sayntes that we prey 7087 But they defende them with lamprey With luce / with elys / with samons With tendre gees / and with Capons With tartes / or with cheffes fatte 7091 With deyntie flaunes / brode and flatte With caleweys / or with pullayle With conynges / or with fyne vitayle That we vnder our clothes wyde 7095 Maken through our golet glyde Or but he wol do come in haste Roe venyson bake in paste 7098 Whether so that he loure or groyne He shal have of a corde a loygne With whiche men shal him bynde and lede

To brenne him for his synful dede 7102
That men shul here him crye and rore
A myle away aboute and more
Or els he shal in prison dye
But if he wol his frendshyp bye
7106
Or smerten that / that he hath do
More than his gylte amounteth to

But and he couthe / through his sleight
Do maken vp a toure of heyght 7110
Nought rought I / wheder of stone
or tre [165 back, col. 2]

Or erthe / or turues though it be
Though it were of no vounde stone
Wrought with squyre and scantilone
So that the tour were stuffed well
With al rychesse temporell
7116

And than that he wolde vp dresse Engyns / bothe more and lesse To caste at vs by euery syde To bere his good name wyde

Suche sleightes I shal you neuen
Barels of wyne / by syxe or seuen 7122
Or golde in sackes greate plente
He shulde soone delyuered be
And if he haue no suche pytences
Let him study in equipolences 7126
And lette lyes / and fallaces
If that he wolde deserue our graces
Or we shal beare him suche wytnesse
Of synne / and of his wretchydnesse
And done his lose so wyde renne 7131
That al quicke we shulde him brenne
Or els yeue him suche penaunce
That is wel worse than the pytaunce.

For thou shalte neuer for nothyng Con knowen a right by her clothyng The traitours ful of trecherye But thou her werkes can aspye 7138

And ne had the good kepyng be Whylom of the vniuersyte That kepeth the key of cristendome We had ben turmented al and some

Suche ben the stynkyng prophetis

Nys none of hem / that good prophete is

For they through wicked entencion

The yere of the incarnacion 7146

A thousande / and two hundred yere

Fyue and fyfty / ferther ne nere

Broughten a boke / with sory grace

To yeuen ensample in commune place

That sayd thus / though it were fable
This is the Gospel perdurable 7152
That fro the Holy goost is sent
Wel were it worthe to ben brent
Entytled was in suche manere
This boke / of whiche I tell here 7156

There has no wight in al Parys
Beforne our Lady at paruys [Fo. C.lxvi.]
That they ne myght the booke by
The sentence pleased him wel trewly.

But I wol stynte of this matere
For it is wonder longe to here 7162
But hadde that ylke boke endured
Of better estate I were ensured
And frendes haue I yet parde
That han me set in great degre. 7166

Gyle my father / the trechour
And Empresse my mother is
Maugre the Holy goste iwys 7170
Our mighty lynage / and our route
Reigneth in euery reigne aboute
And wel is worthy we mynistres be
For al this worlde gouerne we 7174
And can the folke so wel disceyue
That none our gyle can perceyue
And though they done / they dare not say
The sothe dare no wight bewray 7178

But he in Christes wrathe him ledeth That more than Christ my bretherne dredeth

He nys no ful good champion
That dredeth suche similacion
Nor that for payne wol refusen
Vs to correcte and accusen

He wol not entremete by right
Ne haue god in his eye sight
7186
And therfore god shal him punyce
But me ne recketh of no vyce

Sythen men vs louen comunably
And holden vs for so worthy
That we may folke repreue echone
And we nyll haue reprefe of none
Whom shulden folke worshypen so
But vs that stynten neuer mo
7194
To patren / whyle that folke may vs se
Though it not so behynde hem be.

And loue noble men and gay
That ioly clothes weren alway
If they be suche folke as they semen
So clene / as men her clothes demen
And that her wordes folowe her dede
It is great pyte out of drede
To they wol be none hypocritis [Fo. C.l.v.i, col. 2]
Of hem me thynketh great spyte is
I canne nat loue hem on no syde

But beggers with these hoodes wyde
With sleighe and pale faces leane
And graye clothes nat ful cleane 7210
But fretted ful of tatarwagges
And highe shoes knopped with dagges
That frouncen lyke a quayle pype
Or bootes ryuelyng as a gype 7214

To suche folke / as I you deuyse Shulde princes and these lordes wyse Take al her londes and her thynges Bothe warre and peace in gouernynges To suche folke shulde a prince hym yeue That wolde his lyue in honour lyue.

And if they be nat as they seme 7221 That seruen thus the worlde to queme There wolde I dwelle to disceyue The folke / for they shal not parceyue

But I ne speke in no suche wyse 7225 That men shulde humble habytte dispyse So that no pride there vnder be No manne shulde hate / as thynketh me

The poore man in suche clothynge 7229 But god ne preyseth him nothynge That saith he hath the worlde forsake And hath to worldly glorie hym take And wol of suche delyces vse 7233 Who maye that begger wel excuse?

That papelarde / that him yeldeth so
And wol to worldly ease go 7236
And saith that he the worlde hath
lefte

And gredily it grypeth efte He is the hounde / shame is to sayne That to his castynge gothe agayne. 7240

But who you dare I nat lye
But myght I felen or espye
That ye parceyned (sic) it nothynge
Ye shulde haue a starke leasynge 7244
Right in your honde thus to begynne
I nolde it lette for no synne

The god loughe at the wonder tho And every wyght ganne laughe also 7248 And sayd: Lo here a manne aright For to be trusty to every wight.

I leaf 166, back]

RAlse semblant (quod Loue) say to me 1
Sythe I thus have avaunced the
That in my courte is thy dwellyng 7253
And of rybaudes shalt be my kyng
Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes?

Ye sir / from hence forwardes 7256 We wol a people vpon him areyse And through our gyle / done him ceise

And him on sharpe speares ryue Or other wayes bringe him fro lyue 7260 But if that he wol folowe y wis That in our booke written is. That whyle Peter hath maistrye 7264
May neuer Iohan shewe wel his might

Nowe haue I you declared right The meanyng of the barke and rynde That maketh the entencions blynde 7268 But nowe at erst I wol begyn To expowne you the pythe within And the seculers comprehende That Christes lawe wol defende And shulde it kepen and mayntenen Avenst hem that al sustenen And falsly to the people techen That Iohan betoketh hem to prechen That there nys lawe couenable 7277 But thilke gospel pardurable That fro the holy goste was sent To turne folke that ben miswent, 7280

The strength of Iohan they vnderstonde

The grace in whiche they say they stonde
That dothe the synful folke converte
And hem to Iesu christ reverte 7284
Ful many an other horriblete
May men in that booke se
That ben cōmaunded doutelesse
Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse 7288
And al with Antechrist they holden
As men may in the boke beholden

And than comaunden they to sleen
Al tho that with Peter been 7292
But they shal neuer haue that myght
And god to forne / for stryfe to fyght
That they ne shal ynough fynde
That Peters lawe shal haue in mynde
And euer holde / and so mayntene 7297
That at the laste it shal be sene
That they shal al come therto
For aught that they can speke or do 7300

And thilke lawe shal not stonde
That they by Iohan haue vnderstonde
But maugre hem / it shal adoun 7303
And ben brought to confusyoun

Had neuer your father here beforne Seruaunt so trewe / sythe he was borne That is ayenst al nature 7307

Sir / put you in that auenture
For though ye borowes take of me
The sykerer shal ye neuer be
7310
For hostages / ne sykernesse
Or chartres / for to beare wytnesse
I take your selfe to recorde here
That men ne may / in no manere
That men ne may / in no manere
Tyl he be slayne / backe and syde
Tyl he be slayne / backe and al defyle
What wene ye that I wol begyle? 7318

For I am clothed mekely
There vnder is al my trechery
Myn herte chaungeth neuer the mo
For none habyt / in whiche I go 7322
Though I haue chere of symplenesse
I am not wery of shreudnesse
My lemman / strayned Abstenaunce
Hath myster of my purueyaunce 7326
She had ful longe ago be dede
Nere my counsayle and my rede
Let her alone / and you and me
And Long answerde / I truste the

And Loue answerde / I truste the Without borowe / for I wol none 7331

And False semblant the thefe anone Right in that ilke same place That had of treson al his face 7334 Right blacke within / and whyte without Thankyng him / gan on his knees loute.

Than was there nought / but euery man Nowe to assaute / that saylen can 7338 (Quod Loue) and that ful hardely

Than armed they hem comenly 7340 Of suche armour / as to hem fell Whan they were armed / fiers and fell They went hem forthe al in a route And set the castel al aboute [Fo. C.lxvii.] They wyl not away for no drede Tyl it so be that they ben dede 7346 Or tyl they have the castel take And four batels they gan make And parted hem in four anon And toke her way / and forthe they 7350 The foure gates for to assayle Of whiche the kepers wol not fayle For they ben neyther sicke ne dede But hardy folke / and stronge in dede.

Nowe wol I sayne the countenaunce Of False semblant / and Abstynaunce That ben to wicked tonge went 7357 But first they helde her parlyment Whether it to done were To maken hem be knowen there Or els walken forthe disgysed But at the laste they denysed 7362 That they wolde gone in tapynage As it were in a pilgrymage Lyke good and holy folke vnfeyned And dame Abstynence streyned 7366 Toke on a robe of Camelyne And gan her gratche as a bygyne

A large couerchiefe of threde
She wrapped al aboute her hede
But she forgate not her psaltere 7371

A payre of beedes eke she bere Vpon a lace / al of whyte threde On whiche that she her beades bede But she ne bought hem neuer a dele For they were gyuen her / I wote wele God wote of a ful holy frere 737' That sayd he was her father dere 7378
To whom she had ofter went
Than any frere of his couent

And he visyted her also
And many a sermon sayd her to
7382
He nolde let for man on lyue
That he ne wolde her ofte shriue
And with so great deuocion
They made her confession
That they had ofte for the nones
Two heedes in one hoode at ones

Of fayre shappe / I deuysed her the But pale of face somtyme was she 7390 That false travtouresse vntrewe Was lyke that salowe horse of hewe That in the Apocalips is shewed That signifyeth to folke beshrewed That ben al ful of trecherve 7395 And pale / through hypocrisve For on that horse no colour is But onely deed and pale ywis 7398 Of suche a colour enlangoured Was Abstynence iwys coloured Of her estate she her repented As her visage represented 7402

She had a burdowne al of thefte
That Gyle had yeue her of his yefte
And a skryppe of faynte distresse
That ful was of elengenesse
That ful was of elengenesse
7406
And forthe she walked sobrely
And False semblant saynt / ie vous die
And as it were for suche mistere
Done on the cope of a frere
Table Yallo
With chere symple / and ful pytous
His lokyng was not disdeynous
Ne proude / but meke and ful pesyble

Aboute his necke he bare a Byble And squierly / forthe gan he gon 7415 And for to rest his lymmes vpon He had of treason a potent ROMAUNT.

7378 As he were feble / his way he went
But in his sleue he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe / and wel bytyng
That was forged in a forge 7421
Whiche that men clepen Coupe gorge
So longe forthe her waye they nomen
Tyl they to Wicked Tonge comen
That at his gate was cutture 7425

That at his gate was syttyng 7425
And sawe folke in the way passyng

The pilgrymes sawe he faste by That beren hem ful mekely And humbly they with him mette Dame Abstynence first him grette 7430 And sythe him False semblant salued And he hem / but he not remeued For he ne dredde hem not a dele For whan he sawe her faces wele 7434 Alway in herte / him thought so He shulde knowe hem bothe two For wel he knewe dame Abstynaunce But he ne knewe not Constreynaunce ¹He knewe nat that she was constrayned Ne of her theues lyfe fayned [1 lf. 167, bk.] But wende she come of wyl al free But she come in another degree 7442 And if of good wyl she beganne That wyl was fayled her thanne.

A Nd False Semblant had he sayne
alse 7445

But he knewe nat that he was false
Yet false was he / but his falsnesse
Ne coude he nat espye / nor gesse
For Semblant was so slye wrought 7449

But haddest thou knowen hym beforne

That Falsenesse he ne espyed nought

Thou woldest on a boke haue sworne Whan thou him saugh in thylke araye That he / that whilome was so gaye And of the daunce Ioly Robyn 7455

н

Was the become a Iacobyn
But sothely what so menne hym cal
Frere prechours bene good menne al
Her order wickedly they beren 7459
Suche mynstrelles / if they weren

So bene Augustyns / and Cordylers And Carmes / and eke Sacked freers And al freres shodde and bare Though some of hem ben great and square Ful hooly men / as I hem deme Eueryche of hem wolde good man seme But shalte thou neuer of apparence Sene conclude good consequence In none argument vwis 7469 If existens al fayled is For menne maye fynde alwaye sopheme The consequence to enueneme Who so that hath hadde the subtelte The double sentence for to se. 7474

Whan the pylgrymes commen were To Wicked Tonge that dwelled there Her harneys nygh hem was algate 7477 By Wicked tonge adowne they sate That badde hem nere him for to come And of tidynges telle him some And sayd hem: What case maketh you To come in to this place nowe? 7482

We for to drye our penaunce
With hertes pytous and deuoute [1f. 167, bk., Are commen / as pylgrimes gon aboute
Wel nyght¹ on fote alwaye we go 7487
Ful doughty ben our heeles two [¹ so]
And thus bothe we ben sent
Throughout this worlde that is miswent
To ye're ensample / and preche also
To fysshen synful menne we go 7492
For other fysshynge / ne fysshe we

And sir / for that charyte 7494
As we be wonte / herborowe we craue
Your lyfe to amende Christ it saue
And so it shulde you nat displease
We wolden / if it were your ease 7498
A shorte sermon vnto you sayne
And Wicked Tonge answered agayne

The house (quod he) suche (as ye se)
Shal nat be warned you for me 7502
Say what you lyst / and I wol here
Graunt mercy swete sir dere.

(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstynence
And thus began she her sentence 7506

Sir / the firste vertue certayne
The greatest / and moste souerayne
That may be founde in any man
For hauynge / or for wytte he can 7510
That is his tonge to refrayne
Therto ought euery wight him payne
For it is better styll be
Than for to speken harme parde 7514
And he that herkeneth it gladly
He is no good man sykerly

And sir / abouen al other synne In that arte thou moste gilty inne 7518 Thou spake a iape / not longe a go

And sir / that was right yuel do
Of a yonge man / that here repayred
And neuer yet this place apayred 7522
Thou saydest he awayted nothyng
But to disceyue Fayre welcomyng
Ye sayd nothyng sothe of that
But sir / ye lye / I tel you plat 7526
He ne cometh no more / ne gothe parde
I trowe ye shal him neuer se
Fayre Welcomyng in prison is
That ofte hath played with you er this
The fayrest games that he coude 7531
Without fylthe styl or loude [Fo. C.Lxviii.]

Nowe dare she nat her selfe solace
Ye han also the manne do chace 7534
That he dare neyther come ne go
What meueth you to hate him so?
But properly your wicked thought 7537
That many a false leasyng hath thought
That meueth your foole eloquence
That iangleth euer in audyence
And on the folke areyseth blame 7541
And dothe hem dishonour and shame
For thynge that maye haue no preuyng
But lykelynesse / and contryuyng.

For I dare sayne / that Reason demeth It is nat al sothe thynge that semeth And it is synne to controue 7547 Thynge that is to reproue This wote ye wele / and sir: therfore Ye arne to blame the more 7550 And nathelesse / he recketh lyte He yeueth nat nowe therof a myte For if he thought harme parfaye He wolde come and gone al daye 7554 He coude him selfe nat abstene Nowe cometh he nat / and that is sene For he ne taketh of it no cure But if it be through auenture 7558 And lasse than other folke algate And thou her watchest at the gate With speare in thyne arest alwaye There muse musarde al the daye Thou wakest night and day for thought Iwis thy traueyle is for nought And Ielousye withouten fayle Shal neuer quyte the thy traueyle 7566 And skathe is / that Fayre Welcomyng Without any trespassyng Shal wrongfully in prison be There wepeth and languyssheth he 7570 And though thou neuer yet ywis

Agyltest manne no more but this

Take nat a grefe it were worthy

To putte the out of this bayly 7574

And afterwarde in prison lye

And fettre the tyl that thou dye

For thou shalte for this synne dwelle

Right in the dyuels arse of helle 7578

But if that thou repent the [Fo. C.lxviii., col. 2]

Mafaye / thou lyest falsely (quod he)

What / welcome with myschennes

What / welcome with myschaunce nowe

Haue I therfore herbered you 7582 To saye me shame / and eke reproue With sorye happe to your behoue Am I to day your herbegere Go herber you elswhere / than here That han a lyer called me 7587 Two tregetours arte thou and he That in myn house / do me this shame And for my sothe sawe ye me blame Is this the sermon that ye make? To al the dyuels I me take 7592 Or els god thou me confounde But er men dydden this castel founde It passeth not ten dayes or twelue But it was tolde right to my selu And as they sayd / right so tolde I He kyste the Rose priuely 7598 Thus sayd I nowe / and haue sayd yore I not where he dyd any more Why shulde men say me suche a thyng If it had ben gabbyng 7602 Right so sayd I / and wol saye yet I trowe I lyed not of it And with my bemes I wol blowe To al nevghbours arowe 7606 Howe he hath bothe comen and gone Tho spake False semblant right anone

The spake False semblant right anone Al is not gospel out of doute 7609

That men sayne in the towne aboute

Lay no deefe eere to my spekyng 7611 | He nolde nothynge loue you so I swere you sir / it is gabbyng I trowe ve wote wel certaynly That no man loueth him tenderly 7614 That saythe him harme / if he wote it Al be he neuer so poore of wyt And sothe is also sykerly This knowe ve sir / as wel as I 7618 That louers gladly wol visyten The places there her loues habyten This man you loueth / and eke honoureth This man to serue you laboureth 7622 And elepeth you his frende so dere And this man maketh you good chere And euery where that you meteth 7625 He you saleweth / and he you greteth He preseth nat so ofte / that ye [Fo. C.lxviii., Ought of his comyng encombred be There presen other folke on you Ful ofter than he dothe nowe 7630 And if his herte him strayned so Vnto the Rose for to go Ye shulde hym sene so ofte nede That ye shulde take him with the dede He coude his comynge nat forbeare Though he him thrilled with a speare It nere nat than / as it is nowe But trusteth wel / I swere it you 7638 That it is elene out of his thought

Sir / certes he ne thynketh it nought No more ne dothe Fayre Welcomyng That sore abyeth al this thyng 7642 And if they were of one assent Ful soone were the Rose hent The maugre yours wolde be 7645

And sir / of o thyng herkeneth me Sith ye this man / that loueth you Han sayd suche harme / and shame nowe Wytteth wel / if he gessed it Ye maye wel demen in your wyt 7650

Ne callen you his frende also But nyght and daye he wol wake The castel to distroye and take 7654 If it were sothe / as ye deuyse Or some manne in some maner wyse Might it warne him euerydele Or by him selfe parcevue wele 7658 For sithe he myght nat come and gone As he was whylome wonte to done He myght it soone wyte and se But nowe al otherwyse wote he 7662

Than haue we sir al vtterly Deserved helle / and iolyly The dethe of helle doutlesse That thrallen folke so gyltlesse. 7666

False Semblant so proueth this thyng That he canne none answeryng And seeth alwaye / suche apparaunce That nygh he fel in repentaunce And sayd him / sir: It maye wel bo Semblant / a good manne semen ye And Abstynence / ful wyse ye seme Of o talent you bothe I deme [168 bk., col. 2] What counsayle wol ye to me yeuen?

Right here anon thou shalt be shriuen And say thy synne / without more Of this shalte thou repent sore 7678 For I am preest / and haue poste To shriue folke of most dignyte That ben as wyde as worlde may dure Of al this worlde I have the cure 7682 And that had neuer yet persoun Ne vyearie of no maner toun

And god wotte I have of the A thousande tymes more pyte 7686 Than hath thy preest parochial Though he thy frende be special I have auauntage in o wyse 7689 That your prelates ben not so wyse Ne halfe so lettred (as am I) I am lycensed boldely In diuynite for to rede And to confessen out of drede

If ye wol you nowe confesse
And leave your synnes more and lesse
Without abode / knele downe anon
And you shal have absolucion. 7698

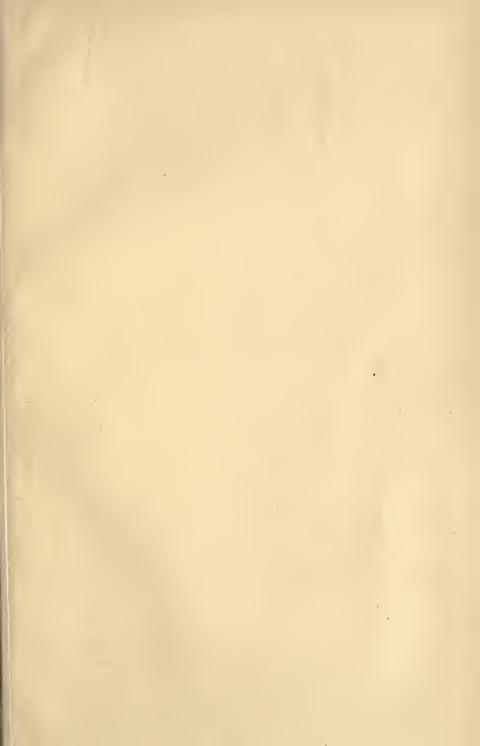
¶ Finis.

7694

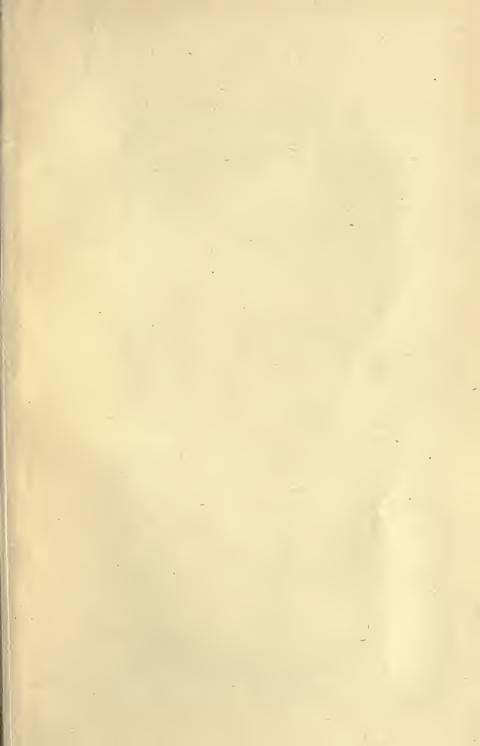
¶ Here endeth the Romaunt of the Rose: And here foloweth the boke of Troylous and Creseyde. RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,

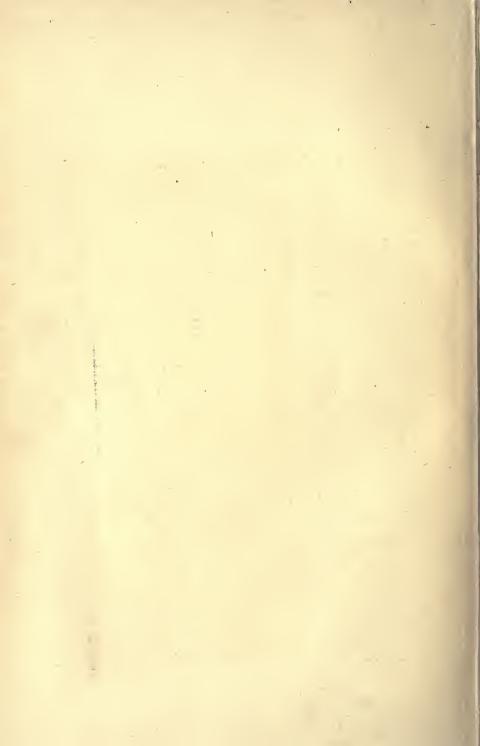
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